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MISERICORDIA SISTERS.

No Man May See the Faces of Nuns at Quinto-al-Mare.

A DOCTOR PAYS A VISIT.

A Community of Sisters in Italy who are Absolute Recluses, and cannot be Seen or Spoken to.

Two miles from Genoa, in the midst of the Riviera di Levante and overlooking the renowned winter resort, Nervi, rises a lonely edifice on a mountain top, covered with citron and orange trees. It is almost concealed by the high walls surrounding it, and only a small iron door, doubly insignificant by contrast, leads into the interior.

This door has been locked against the world for decades, but some two weeks ago it was opened on two occasions in two days, a fact which spread like wild fire among the inhabitants of the district.

"One of the Sisters of the Misericordia is on her death-bed," said the country people; "the doctor has been called in, and that is never done unless one of the inmates is stricken with fatal disease."

This abode of the Misericordia Sisters is the cloister of Quinto-al-Mare, a long building containing a large number of isolated cells, one adjoining the other and fronting a garden, which also serves as a cemetery. On the other side of the garden, is a long open hall, where the Sisters may promenade. The buildings connecting the cells and the hall are on one side of the chapel, on the other side kitchen, stables, etc.

The Sisters hold no communication whatever with the world; they spend their days and half the nights in prayer or meditation; they never leave the edifice, and no man is allowed to set foot within the building or gardens unless it be the sworn physician, called in in case of death or life. Even priests are excluded from the cloister. The confessional chair is arranged outside the main wall in a detached building, priest and penitent communicating through grated windows. In the same manner the Sisters attend church. The baker, grocer and other merchants deliver their wares at the gate, placing them on an iron bracket and ringing a bell. After a while the bracket is moved by a spring, and turns around to the garden side. And again after a while it resumes its old place, with the money for the goods, or, perhaps, a written order. None of the trades people has ever had a look at their patrons.

The physician of the cloister is an old and trusted greatly honored by the Church. He has been called in only twice during the last twenty years, and in both cases the patient awaiting him was beyond medical aid. The physician receives however, a fixed sum for his services every January I, notwithstanding the fact that the Sisters seem to have little use for a physician.

After Dr. Sforza had been called in at Cloister Quinto the other day he gave a sketch and description of the strange "sick chamber" in which he found his patient to the artist Menter, in Genoa, who published it in the "Illustrazione," of Rome.

The doctor said after ringing the bell he was kept waiting on the outside for over thirty minutes, being informed meanwhile in writing that the Sisters had to prepare for his visit, the preparation consisting mainly in donning great black veils of horse hair, having little holes through which their eyes peeped. Over their heads they wore large cowls, obscuring, together with the veil, every feature of the upper part of their bodies. As nobody is allowed to enter a Sister's cell, neither man nor woman, the invalid had been carried to the promenading hall, open on one side, which is richly decorated with emblems of the Church, pictures of saints, etc. There the sick woman was stretched on a couch. Though the physician knew the restrictions of the cloister, the abbess informed him again that he would not be allowed to see the patient's face or even her tongue, and that he must content himself with feeling her pulse and her feet.

"Under these circumstances," said the doctor afterwards, "a cure was out of the question, especially as only the abbess was permitted to speak to me. As it happened the abbess knew nothing whatever of the Sister's illness; her cell neighbors might have given me some information, but the regulations of the order forbid them addressing a man."

The physician found the feet of the nun badly swollen and gave such instructions as he was able to do under the circumstances, but when he returned next day, following a hurry call, he found her dead. The doctor says he saw several Sisters on this occasion, but only the abbess spoke a few words to him, Even the Sister-janitress failed to answer his greetings and questions exceptby written words.

1434 Years Apart.

A Catholic Congress has lately been held at Tarragona, in Spain, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Seville. The affluence of ecclesiastics and laymen was extraordinary. The first act of the assembly was to pass unanimously an address to the Pope announcing the wish of those present for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

In the year 460 the Bishops of the Province of the same Tarragona held their provincial council and wrote to Pope Hilary: "Even though no necessity of ecclesiastical discipline had supervened, we might indeed have had recourse to that privilege of your See, whereby the keys, having been received after the Resurrection of the Saviour, the individual preaching of the most blessed Peter had for its object the enlightening of all men throughout the whole world; the supremacy of whose Vicar, as it is eminent, so is it to be feared and loved by all. Accordingly we adoring in you the God whom you serve blamelessly, have recourse to the Faith commended by the apostle; thence seeking for answers whence nothing by error, nothing by presumption, but all with the Pontifical deliberation is prescribed. These things being so, there is however amongst us a false brother whose presumption, as it can no longer be passed over in silence, so also does the urgency of the future compel us to speak." (They state their complaints against Silvanus and add) . . . "As therefore these acts of presumption, which divide unity, which make a schism, ought to be speedily met, We ask of your see that we be instructed by your apostolic directions as to what you would have observed in this matter. . . . It will surely be your triumph, if in the time of your apostleship the Catholic Church hears that the chair of Peter prevails, if the fresh seeds of the tares be exterpated."

These two historic facts, the one in 1894, the other more than fourteen centuries ago, occurring in the same province, and witnessing to the doctrine of the supremacy of the Holy See, ought to aid our ritualistic brethren to solve the question of the Headship of the Church Christ.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Cardinal Gibbons' Views as Expressed to Paul Bourget.

FREEDOM ITS STRENGTH.

Labor Organizations Useful Institutions and not Condemned by the Church.

In a series of articles which Paul Bourget, the brilliant French author, is now writing, giving his impressions of America, he tells of a number of conversations he had with Cardinal Gibbons, in which His Eminence gave his views on several topics which are questions of public interest. Bourget writes entertainingly of this interview, first giving us the words of the the Cardinal on the labor question as follows:

"I have never had any influence on the creation or the organization of the Knights of Labor. I only said about them, on the occasion of my visit to Rome, that the church has no motive to condemn with one single stroke and in principle, all the associations of workingmen. I have always thought, and I continue to think, that the workingmen have the right to associate to protect themselves against the possible tyranny of those who employ them. I am aware of all the dangers of these associations. In the first place, the strikers, once gathered together, are too prone to launch out in that direction which is not a good one, and in which they have always been crushed; furthermore, there is the intolerance and persecution as regards their comrades who refuse to join in with them. In spite of those dangers, I thought that the Church risked losing too many souls in forcing thousands of these men to choose between their faith and a society, the principles of which have in themselves nothing worthy of condemnation."

"A revolution in the United States?" he replied, to a question of mine. "No, I do not believe it possible. The Americans, it has constantly been reproached them, are first and foremost practical men. Before dispossessing a millionaire—a billionaire, if you like—of a dollar, they would recognize that they were loosening the keystone of the edifice, and they would stop. Our workingmen are very intelligent, of a daring but just intelligence, which serves them to see the logic of ideas. They understand already, in spite of the sophisms of agitators, that to touch the property of an individual is to touch all the properties. Indeed, you saw it when the anarchists were condemned at Chicago; public sentiment, manifested almost immediately afterward by a vote in an election, was in favor of the judge, the author of the arrest and against the governor of Illinois, who showed sympathy for the condemned. We have not with us the ferments of revolution which still exist in Europe. Our worktngmen when they wish to work, easily make enough to live upon—$2, $3, $4 per day. They will succeed in not working more than eight hours. And they then are not irreligious. There is no example of a public man presenting himself as an atheist."

There is in the voice of the archbishop a passionate firmness and in his eyes a warmer light when he speaks of religious matters, and he also, like Bishop Keane, boasts to me of the benefactions of liberty.

"Our great force is that we have no intercourse with tho state and that it respects our independence. We can mix up in public affairs with efficacy, under those conditions and for the welfare of all. The state helps us obligingly when she is a demand for the police. In Baltimore, for instance, at the last council, the administration had established a special bureau for the service of the archbishops. But outside little details of this kind it does not interfere with us. It is the public which does so. They come constantly to consult us. It is thus in that affair of the Louisiana lottery, which ruined so many poor people, they asked me to write a letter for the newspapers. I wrote it, and I think that it contributed toward the cessation of the scandal. The people like us, because we are with them."

And as I interrupt him to ask him, if it is the same with the rich and if on the other hand, he does not forsee great difficulties in the accumulation of enormous fortunes in so few hands:

"Yes," he continues, "it is a grave problem. We must hope that in course of time they will find a better manner of dividing wealth. It is for that reason that just now I was telling you of my sympathy for the associations by which the workingman defends himself. And I have no fear, in spite of the regrettable excesses which they have produced, because our workingman, I cannot repeat it too often, is profoundly and thoroughly wise. First of all he has the chance himself of becoming the millionaire whom he envies. There have been so many cases. Besides, and even without that hope, he is liberal and he is just by instinct. When a tax on personal property had been proposed I had occasion to speak of it to several people of the laboring classes. I found them all against the measure and for the same reason. They did not approve of a law which pushed toward spying and lying. They judged it inquisitorial and immoral. * * * Yes, I have confidence in the people, and I have confidence in its love of truth. I had the too evident proof of it, when I published now some years ago, a small book showing Catholicism as it is. under the title, 'The Faith of Our Fathers.' Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of it were sold."

CHURCH RE-UNION.

Seeking to Unite the Eastern and Western Rites.

The conference called together by Leo XIII, to arrange, if possible, a reunion between the eastern and western churches, is at present in session in Rome, His Holiness presiding. Among the high church dignitaries present are Cardinal Rampolla, pontifical secretary of state; Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the congregation of the propaganda fide; Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, France; Cardinal Vicenzo Vannuttelli, Cardinal Galimberti, the two Catholic patriarchs of Syria, and a delegate representing the Maronite patriarchs to give a statement of their views.

The Holy Father said: "We wish that all governments alike had embraced this grand ideal, inasmuch as the work, if achieved, will be for the interest and benefit of the entire world; but political views and, still more we regret to say, the unreasonable jealousies of some of the governments which show in what condition the papacy is placed, have prevented these reunions from having the solid result expected from them.

Above all, we must lament the absence of the patriarch of the Armenians. We shall not, on this account, however, recede from our purposes, even if we can count only within certain limits on political union, nothing will prevent us from solving the grand problem from the religious side while awaiting more propitious times for the rest of the work."

SOME FACTS FOR BIGOTS.

Catholics Honored by Office in Protestant Countries.

THE ILLUSTROUS ROLL.

Germany, England, Russia and Holland Furuish Conspicuous Examples.

The Protestant Emperor of Protestant Germany has by imperial command made Prince Hohenlohe Schillingsfuerst Chancellor in succession to Caprivi, who followed Bismark. The Chancellor-elect is not only prince, but actual chief of a princely house, reigning over 6,000 souls, as the Germans put it. He is a Roman Catholic, so are the people of his little principality. His brother, Adolphus, is the well-known Cardinal and archpriest of Santa Maria M goire in Rome. The Prince Chancellor has loyally served the German Empire as Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. And now when wishing on account of age to retire from public life, he does at the beck of the Emperor for the good of the nation undertake the burden of Chancellorship, and this at the sacrifice of two-thirds of the emoluments received as Governor.

How astonishing that so powerful and educated a nation, ruled by so competent and intellectual an Emperor, should not possses the the light and knowledge of America's A. P. A.'s right to exclude Roman Catholics from government employ.

2. As is well known the Queen of Enlgand, Empress of India is "Defender of the Faith" and "Supreme Head of the Church by Law established." Queen Victoria has six Roman Catholic members of her Privy Council. The Lord Chancellor of England is a devout Papist. Two out of the four judges of appeal hold the same faith. Lord Ripon has sworn allegiance in things spiritual to the Pope of Rome, yet the Sovereign did not hesitate to make him Vice-roy of India, and later still Secretary of State for the Colonies. In her army the Queen has not only officers of the highest standing devout followers of the old faith, but also fifteen Roman Catholic Chaplains, who rank according to class with colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors and captains. In like manner several Catholics are in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. Even the Jesuits have been brought into requisition by her government for astronomical and meteorogical science.

The veil fabricated by falsehood during three centuries to hide the true character of Catholics and Catholicism has been torn into shreds in Victoria's reign by information derived from honest enquiry, as well as by the undisputed loyal service of Her Majesty. The result has been that Papists have been able to serve as true patriots king and country. The A. P. A.'s at this late hour would fain re-weave in the United States the veil of bigotry and falsehood.

3. The Emperor of all the Russias rules some 120,000,000 souls. Of these 8,000,000 are Roman Catholics, the remnant of those who have stood faithful to the Holy See, notwithstanding cruel persecution. The deceased Alexander III for the better government and happiness of his Catholic subjects, established diplomatic relations with our Holy Father, Leo XIII. This for the express purpose of increasing loyalty and patriotism.

4. The university of Amsterdam, Holland, is Protestant. Very lately its council determined on establishing a chair of Thomistic Philosophy. With delicate consideration a member of the same order as St. Thomas Acquinas, the illustrious Dominican Father de Oroot is appointed professor. At his installation the entire University Faculty, the Burgomaster, the nobility of the Dutch capital and the Minister of Public Instruction, all Protestants, were present in gala dress. These Hollanders were not ignorant that S. Dominic created the Inquisition, and that the Dominicans till this day are commissaries of the Congregation of the Inquisition in Rome.

What would the A. P. A.'s say to a chair of the Philosophy of S. Thomas at the State Universities so as to be to the front with Holland in religious tolerance?

Received Their Trophy.

The base-ball enthusiasts of St. Mary's College are delighted over receiving their trophy, won during the Midwinter Fair. An intercollegiate league was organized, and the S. M. C. boys easily vanquished their opponents. The trophy is a massive silver loving cup, with handles on each side, surmounted by a golden bear. The rim is bordered with heavy scroll work. On one side of the cup is the statue of a base-ball player in a striking attitude, made of gold. Over and around it is an appropriate inscription, closing with the words: "Won by St. Mary's College Base-Ball Club." On the other side is a picture of the Administration building, also in raised gold, and the inscription, "California Midwinter Exposition." The cup stands in a raised pedestal and is a beautiful and appropriate trophy.

James W. Gallivan has an article in the November Donahoe's Magazine in which he enumerates as "Catholic sons of Harvard," Rev. George F. Haskins of the class of '26, Rev. E. H. Welch of the class of '40, Rev. Jos. Shaw, of the class of '40, Rev. G. M. Searle of the class of '57, Father Fidelis of the class of '62, and Father O'Calligan of the class of '87. Most of these are converts. It appears that since 1870 from two to eight Catholics have graduated at every Harvard commencement.

See how men work at the pumps on shipboard when they are fighting for their lives with an ugly leak! Oh, that we had the charity to so work, with the sweet instrumentality of indulgence, for the holy souls in Purgatory!—Father Faber.

If you desire salvation, accept nothing from the consolation that mortals can give you. The misfortunes which arise from His consolation are greater and more numerous than those which are caused by affliction.—Blessed Egidus.

Great difficulties are met with in the diocese of Oregon in evangelizing the Indians, owing to the opposition of certain Indian agents. Archbishop Gross writes: "From reports of pr e ts laboring among them, and my own observation in traveling through Oregon, I believe that the number of Catholic Indians in my diocese scattered over the vast territory is at least some four or five thousand,"

Prince Waldburg, eldest son of the reigning prince of that ilk, who a year ago renounced all his rights of succession in favor of his yonnger brother, Maximilian, on entering on his novitiate as a member of the Order of Jesuits, has now completed his term of probation and has just been admitted to the membership of that Order, which counts among its ranks more princes and nobles than any other religious community.

Induce y ur friends to subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

Engineer Jim Root, the hero of the forest fires in Minnesota, who rescued three hundred people at Hinckley, is a Catholic.

Rev. Gabriel Korkemas, the Maronite priest who came to Boston, Mass., to labor among the Arabic speaking Catholics, is contemplating the erection of a church for them.

Sister Teresa Maria Capeccioni, superioress general of the Sisters of Mercy, died at Rome on the morning of Oct. 12. She was 83 years of age, sixty-three of which she passed in religion.

There are now 656 students in the three departments of the Georgetown university; the school of letters has 265; the school of law 275, and the school of medicine 106. It is expected that the number will exceed 700 within a few weeks.

The Berlin newspapers report that the only son of Herr Buhl, heir to an immense fortune, intends to enter a monastery, has created amazement, especially as his father, although a Catholic is a National Liberal, and opposes the politics of the Centrist party.

The Holy Father has put a considerable sum at the disposal of the art committee for the purpose of restoring several valuable masterpieces in the Vatican. The work will be commenced next November, and will last several years, occupying about thirty artists, to be chosen by the said committee.

At the meeting of the Archbishops it was decidcd that the first Euchristic congress to be held at the Catholic university at Washington next September—for the clergy only. The committee appointed to attend to the arrangements in preparation for it are Archbishops Elder and Kain and Bishop Maes.

The Countess of Hartenau, the widow of the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, is bringing up her children as Catholics. The prince, like the rest of the Battenbergs, was a Lutheran, but on his marriage he pledged his word to his Catholic wife that she should decide on the education to be given to the children.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has decided that the general decree about the precedence of feasts of the first and second class refers not simply to feasts of the first and second class and to double majors, but also to minor-double and semi-doubles, and that particular decrees to a contrary effect are revoked and remain without force by reason of the above mentioned general decree.

From statistics published in the Catholic journals of Paris it appears that more than half a million pilgrims from all over the departments of France, went lately to Argenteuil, where was exposed as is generally known, the sacred garment of our Lord Jesus Christ. This immense throng full of devotion, shows the ardent love of the people of France for everything that relates to our Divine Lord.

On the occasion of the first visit paid to Leo XIII. by the present German Emperor, the latter's helmet slipped from his arm and fell to the ground. Cardinal della Volpe immediately stooped to pick it up, but the Kaiser had also bent down with the same intent, and their heads collided with a force which has caused the prelate to deelare ever since that he regards William II. as decidedly the hardest headed monarch in Christendom.

Archbishop Cleary, Roman Catholic, of Kingston, Can., says that the first bishop of Kingston was Dr. A. Macdonnell, who had as his coadjutor Dr. Thomas Weld. The latter gentleman was created a cardinal by Pope Pius VIII. in 1829 as a reward for his work in helping to pass the Catholic emancipation bill, and Archbishop Cleary says he was the first Englishman raised to the sacred purple since the reign of Henry VIII.

Count Francis Ballestrem, the valiant and faithful Catholic champion of the German Centre, has attained his sixtieth year, which has been made the occasion of happy congratulations by his many admirers. He suffered much for the frank profession of the faith that was in him at the epoch of the detestable Kulaudkampf, and underwent several weeks' incarceration for having exposed the grievances of the Catholics in an electoral program.

The Right Rev. Dr. Sweeney of St. John, N. B., has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of ordination. He was born at Clones, Ireland, on May 12, 1821, and is thus in his 74th year. Bishop Sweeney has completed the cathedral, now free from debt, and churches have been built in every section in his diocese. In 1864 he founded St. Joseph's college at Memramcook. Orphan children have also been provided for in two first-class institutions.

At Radicena, in Calabria, a statue of the Virgin, which has stood quietly for a hundred years in the village church, suddenly began to move its eyes on the 9 h of September last. The miracle was seen by all the inhabitants who took the statue out that night and carried it about in procession, when a strange halo in the shape of the cross was seen around the moon. From that day the Church of the Madonna of the Mountain has been crowded day and night, pilgrimages to her are being organized, gifts are pouring in, and already 50,000 francs have been received. The cynic of the town asserts that the miracle really happened, and a deputation has started for Rome to lay the facts before the Pope.

Brother Clementian, of the Christian Brothers, whose appointment as assistant general of the American provinces, has been confirmed by the capitulants now in chapter at Paris, is a native of Baltimore, Md. He was a student at Calvert Hall, and after his graduation from that school he went to the Northern colleges of the order, and is particularly renowned as a linguist. After his graduation he taught in various Northern colleges, and has been president of Manhattan and Philadelphia Colleges. On the death of Brother Patrick, assistant general of the American provinces, Brother Clementian was appointed to succeed him, and his appointment, as was expected, has been confirmed. He will have authority over the schools and colleges of the United States and Canada. He will reside in Paris, but will visit the American provinces every three years.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparallelled Premium Offer.

A second and large shipment of the premium County Maps of Ireland has been received, and we are prepared to at once fill all orders. No more successful premium has ever been offered by a Catholic newspaper on this coast. and the Celtic people are not slow to realize its value as a means of studying up on the geography of their country. Below is a summary of our great premium offer.

For those who send us $4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for $1.50 and 10 cents. to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2½x4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is $1.50, so you practically get this paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of $1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose $1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

Sympathies with the Expelled Editor.

Cardinal Rampolla, papal secretary of state, has, in the name of the Pope, written a letter to Editor Boeglin, who was recently expelled from Italy for publishing in his paper, the Monituer de Rome, articles offensive to the government, expressing the warm affection of His Holiness for him and regretting that his expulsion necessitated the interruption for a moment of a work that might have rendered signal service to the church. The letter declares that the Holy See desires to defend abroad the cause whereof Signor Boeglin was the intrepid interpreter.

DR. J. H. WIDBER.

A Pioneer who has Attained Merited Distinction.

Dr. J. H. Widber, the present treasurer of the city and county of San Francisco, who has been elected for the third time to that responsible office, is a native of Maine, but came here in 1849, being one of the pioneers. Having crossed the plains in that year he went to the mines, where he stayed for two years, working with pick and shovel. He then came to San Francisco, where he has since remained. His business has been located in this city, and his heart and interests are with the city and State of his adoption. His pharmacy and drug store, situated on the corner of Market and Third streets, is one of the best known in the city, and is considered one of the most reliable.

In 1959 he was elected school director, and filled that office with such general satisfacton that he was re-elected in 1861 and again in 1865. Dr. Widber took a great interest in school matters, and used all his influence to elevate the educational standard and provide school buildings. He was elected Superintendent of Schools, which position he filled to the gratification of the community. When his term expired as superintendent he wished to retire from officious life, but his friends insisted upon his acceptance of the office of City and County Treasurer, to which position he has been returnd for the third term. Dr. Widber has shown himself to be one of the best and ablest financiers that San Francisco ever had.

THE END OF AHEROIC NUN.

She Lost Her Life Saving Others in a Burning Hospital.

A freshly made grave in the new Catholic cemetery marks the final resting place of Sister Dolores. Her charred remains were lowered into the earth yesterday morning after a service of more than usual impressiveness, says the Galveston Daily News. At 9 o'clock a requiem High Mass was held at the Cathedral, which was attended by four priests. The Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate World accompanied the body to the silent city of the dead.

The story of the bravery of Sister Dolores at the Houston fires is sung by every one about St. Mary's Infirmary. She was one of the ten Sisters who slept in the top floor of St. Joseph's Infirmary. In the building were twenty-eight county patients. She was the first to be awakened by the suffocating odor of smoke, and rushing hastily from her room in her night clothes gave the alarm. Her attention was then given to saving the lives of the patients. She first went into a room where there was a "crazy bed," or bed made to confine crazy people. She unlocked this cell-like bed and told the man to run for his life. He understood, and was out of the room like a flash. Sister Dolores then went into room of a bed-ridden man and carried him out of the burning building.

In the meantime the other Sisters had been aiding her in her efforts to arouse the other patients and get them safely out. When the good Sister went back she found the building empty, and for the first time thought of herself. She rushed to her room, got on suitable clothing, and attempted to leave, but the cruel flames had grown higher and fiercer. The whole interior was a fiery furnace, and in trying to escape she perished.

The Sisters of St. Mary's have a cross, a golden emblem of the First Martyr, which was found on the body of this latter-day saint lying midst the blackened ruins. This cross will be preserved among their most cherished relics.

"Moonlight."

How calm and still is the moonlight,
As the evening of memory fades,
When the stars in the sky so bright
Gleam o'er valley and glades.

At my window I sit and ponder,
As the moon does dispel
The darkness, there over yonder
This peaceful spot where I dwell.

To list to the nightingale's singing,
And to hear the bleat of the sheep,
The sound of the old bell ringing
In the far off valley asleep.

To gaze at the quaint old churchyard,
In memory to see the spot,
Where quietly the crosses guard
The grasses as lone and forgot.

How strange, how sad is evening,
As the clouds do flow apart,
The inner soul revealing
Of many a lonely heart.

But morning's glow o'er yonder
A peace does bring to all,
On these bright thoughts I ponder
When day's beyond recall.

J. WALTER REID.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

A little blue eyed innocent
Out in the yards at play
Had chased, without a thought of wrong,
A mother hen away.

Her father spoke in earnest tones,
And grave the words he said,
While she, sad for her thoughtlessness,
Went to her little bed.

Again at night she sought the yards,
Fearless of ghosts or owls,
Where, upon porch or nest or tree,
Slumbered the precious fowls.

When they with terrifying noise
Flew out and off, all wild,
The master sought to know the cause
And met his panting child.

"Father, I came to kiss the hen,"
She said in her sweet way,
"And tell her I was sorry 'cause
I scared her yesterday."

The father clasped her in his arms
In happiest embrace.
"And I, too," said the gentle moon,
"I kissed the dear, sweet face."

—Agnes E. Mitchell.

MY BET.

At the little dinner of three which Alec Bradford was giving I hadn't drunk more than three glasses of wine in all. But I have been a temperate man throughout my life, and possibly even this moderate indulgence made me unwontedly rash.

Perhaps my unstrung nerves had a good deal to do with the matter as well. I had fled from the home of a tyrannical stepfather here in New York about six years ago, when the merest boy, just after my mother's death. Countless hardships had beset me since then, but now I had gained in the far west at least a hopeful semblance of prosperity. I had come back with only a single purpose—to find my twin sister, Ruth Amberley, and bring her to dwell out there in Kansas with myself and my beloved young wife.

Tearful, yet striving to smile through her tears, Clara had bidden me goodby. "It's dreadful to have you go alone, Frank," she faltered. "Still, you know, you owe it to your sister. You never wrote to tell her where you were for a long time after you'd driven your tent stakes here into Ashbyville."

"I know—I know, Clara. It was my jealousy, I suppose"—

"Jealousy of a stepfather! And of such a shocking despot as you paint him too! And how could Ruth have run away with you as you proposed in your madly boyish fashion? And as for her not answering the letters you've written her since remorse has begun to prick you—why, there isn't a doubt that she never received them. Her stepfather's probably moved away from where he used to live, or it may be that he's died and"—

"That Ruth's dead, too," I broke in dismally, "or driven out into the bitter world by that same brute who drove me there!"

I was destined to learn on my arrival in New York that my stepfather had died over two years ago. Concerning Ruth no one could tell me. Our former home held new tenants. I made countless inquiries and even put advertisements into newspapers. My stepfather had left all his money, I discovered (no great sum either), to certain relations in Baltimore. These, answering my letters regarding the whereabouts of Ruth, could only tell me that she had left her stepfather a good while before his death, and that they believed some kind of quarrel had caused the separation.

"Some kind of quarrel!" I forlornly mused. "Oh, how horrible to think that the sister I once so dearly cherished may be in want and suffering! But of one thing I am certain. Ruth could never go wrong, no matter what hateful crisis overtook her. She was and will always stay purity and refinement to her finger tips. Our dear dead mother taught her that and gave it to her as well as the strange and sweet sanctity of inheritance.

I wrote to my wife several sad letters, and one was so desperately repentant in its tenor that she answered it with a kind of sweet savagery.

"How dare you say, Frank, that you feel as if you had killed Ruth?" ran her response. "If you want to make my loneliness, which I am trying to bear as bravely as I can, still more distressing to me, you will not write again in a mood both so morbid and so absurd."

That evening, when I dined at the Brunswick with Alec Bradford and John Hathaway, two friends whom I had made in the west, and who were in New York for commercial reasons, far different from my own, I felt far more wretchedly hopeless than I cared to reveal.

At the end of dinner, while we were drinking our coffee and smoking our cigars, Bradford advanced his little theory, born of some converse we had held about the wickedness and depravity of "darker New York."

"I believe I could do just what you say I can't," came my words after a little flurry of discussion.

John Hathaway was rather flushed with champagne. He knocked his fist against the table and said, merrily, yet seriously:

"Make him take your bet, then, Alec. We'll all go 'slumming' together, as they call it."

"The bet," I said, "gives me big odds. Ten dollars from myself to $100 from Alec that nothing will happen to us if I go with both of you wherever you shall direct and in each place make it known that I carry on my person the sum of $5,000!"

"Never mind," laughed Bradford in his breezy, staccato way. "I'll stick to my bet." He turned to Hathaway. "Jack, you'll hold the stakes?"

"Oh, yes," came Jack's reply. "We may all get ourselves murdered, so I propose to raise my courage with a brandy and soda."

While the waiter obeyed his orders Hathaway received my $10 and Alec's $100. Then two little paper rolls were constructed, each ensheathed in a greenback. These I was to carry in either inner breast pocket. The season was June, and the night a bland one; hence neither of us wore an overcoat. When all was arranged, I resumed my argument about the safety of going unprotected into quarters of the lowest classes. But I did not tell why there had lately come upon me this boldness and security. I did not choose openly to avow that in seeking my poor lost sister "everywhere" I had not neglected haunts of poverty and sorrow.

Of course it was all a mad kind of venture. If Bradford and Hathaway had not both been in that devil may care mood which sometimes comes to visitors in a great city after dining rather too well, I would readily enough have thrown our whole plan to the winds. But presently we had entered a cab, and in half an hour or so we were over in the east side of the town, among streets many of whose names I had scarcely heard. Then we dismissed our cab and went into a horrid flaring den of a place, with electrics in its windows and pictures of huge "schooners" from which the tawny beer prodigally overfoamed.

"Take nothing but seltzer water," I whispered to Bradford, but he laughingly refused and called for three glasses of beer.

"Now begin," he rejoined, and in his twinkling eyes I read hints of inebriety by no means pleasant.

"Come," I said, while we were all three sipping our beer in presence of a great, blond, moon faced barkeeper and watched by a group of shabby loungers, "it's very plain, Bradford, that this whole scheme has been idiotic."

"Aha!" giggled Alec, "you're backing out! I thought you would!" He called for three more glasses of beer, having drank his own, and the barkeeper, with great alacrity, whisked all the glasses away and supplied us with fresh ones.

Hathaway slipped in between Bradford and myself. "Yes, Alec," he anxiously whispered, "Frank is backing out, and very sensibly. The idea of three sane men like ourselves attempting this bravado game of silliness in five different places! We might regret it all our lives. Come, now, let's go up town and call the bet off."

But Bradford tossed his head stubbornly. He was the best fellow in the world at ordinary times, but drink, even in limited supply, had the ugly trick of demoralizing him.

"Not a bit of it," he muttered. "The bet isn't off at all. Frank Amberley's got to begin." Then he loudened his voice so it could be heard in every corner of the big, vulgar gilded tavern. "How much money, Frank, did you say you had about you tonight?"

"Alec," pleaded Hathaway's low voice, "look at that gang of rowdies over there! We'd best all concede that we've behaved like fools. Do pull yourself together, old fellow, and"—

"How much, Frank?" cried Bradford, with an obstinate smile and a saucy shoulder shrug.

Something in his tones challenged my reckless anger. I spoke as loudly as he did and at once began to act out my prearranged part.

"Five thousand dollars," I said. Then from one pocket I drew one roll of sham bank notes and from another the second. "Twenty-five hundred dollars in each of those little packages!" Here I lifted them both and gave to each a little ostentatious flourish. Then I replaced them, adding, still in tones clear and high, "It makes me feel kind of nervous, but still I don't doubt I'll get home all right."

"Oh, Jack and I will see you safely home!" cried Bradford, with a glance across his shoulder at the listening group of loafers.

Just then something touched my arm. A young woman, who must have entered the place but a few minutes ago, stood at my side. Some trick of the garish light left her face in partial shadow, but I could see that it was very pale and hollow cheeked as if from want.

"Oh, sir!" she said to me in a trembling voice, "if you've got all that money, perhaps you'll spare me just a few coins! I've never (I swear it to you) been in such a place as this before. But I was so sick that I lost my chance of work in the big shirt factory not far off, and tonight my landlady has turned me into the streets, and, oh, sir"—

"Frank, what's the matter?" flew from Alec Bradford's lips as he saw me reel a little and put my hand dizzily to my head.

"Good God, Ruth! It's you!"

I caught her to my breast and showered kisses on her poor wasted face.

My two friends got us a carriage before long. I learned afterward that Ruth behaved like the strong, brave little creature she had always been, though the tears streamed down her shrunken cheeks, but that I babbled in the silliest way and narrowly escaped being dragged to prison as a disorderly bacchanalian.

Ruth is at home with Clara and myself now, and we are both very happy in her company, though the return of healthful bloom to her cheeks often makes us believe that one admirer out of a half dozen whom we know may soon partially rob us of her.

Bradford would never accept my money, but insisted on calling the bet "off." And, by the way, as he lives not far from our Kansas town, and accompanied me with my sister back into the west, I should not be greatly surprised if—

But perhaps, as their mutual affairs are still quite unsettled, sister Ruth might object to further details on that rather delicate point.—Edgar Fawcett in Once a Week.

The Onion.

Treat the onion coarsely, writes Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and he will be coarse with you in turn, but handle him with tact, with consideration, as if you loved him, and you will be repaid a thousandfold. With neither garlic nor saffron nor the onion where would be the glories of southern France, the bouillabaisse and the brandade?

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Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse stands by the wave washed strand
And sheds its light afar,
While o'er the foam the ships sail home,
Where quiet havens are.

The sea gulls cry, the storm runs high,
The winds blow loud and free,
And fog drops down on yonder town;
It lies upon the sea.

The lighthouse tower is stout and strong
Amid the surging spray;
It will stand the shock on its good rock,
While years will glide away.
—J. B. M. Wright in Good Housekeeping.

JEALOUS.

Mr. D. Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his household.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. society. He had his reasons for so doing, but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt.

The ball was set down for the evening of the 29th. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his own residence.

His attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle, ascending the front steps of his house and ringing the doorbell.

His perplexity was increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused. Should he linger and solve the mystery or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business! He debated the question irresolutely for a moment and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but without the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumer's establishment!

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him and had hired a costume with a view of attending the masquerade?

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke.

The proprietor was a woman. He accosted her thus:

"Madam, would you object to making $5 in as many minutes?"

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can prove to you if necessary that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me."

"Oh, well," said the woman, "I presume it will be all right! The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford. "The one that the young woman left at 54 —— street has a scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Here are your $5."

He made no allusion when he went home to his 5 o'clock dinner to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor:

"As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business tonight until late."

"Oh, dear, I am sorry! It is so lonesome these long evenings when you are obliged to be away."

The "business" which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office he proceeded to a costumer's establishment and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian.

This done, he ordered a carriage and gave directions to be driven to the place where the masquerade was to be held.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood.

It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it.

"Pooty squaw," he said in a gutturral tone.

"Noble Injun!" she replied.

"Squaw dances?"

"Yes."

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers on a scene of desperate flirtation, but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was, of course, no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confess to himself, for his wife—if it were she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious and entertaining.

But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford with jealousy. Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

"Squaw must not leave her brave," he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalizingly.

"I think I hear the pattering of raindrops," he said. "Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief."

They approached to the doorway and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion round the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scream and you will be murdered," he muttered in her ear. He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She cowered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting violently.

"What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled.

Still the carriage rattled on through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Not a word from you, my beauty."

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night key, he rushed with her into the house.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—his wife!

He halted in dire astonishment and dismay, still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

"Louise!" he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek and retreated to the furthermost corner of the room.

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"What does all this mean?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

"Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not."

"Then who is this?"

"That. How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's—oh, Dio, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Burch!"

And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Burch sat upright and looked about her in a confused manner.

"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed, with a glad look and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!"

She caught a glimpse of the Indian.

"There, there, never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only Dio."

"Dio, your husband, the one who kidnaped me? Oh, what does it all mean?"

Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace and a good deal of stammering. When he had concluded, his wife said:

"And so you thought the suit was for me when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to think that you should have such little trust in me!"

Mr. Bashford had not a word to say.

He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.—Atlanta Constitution.

Electric Current In the Quilt.

A new invention, called by its inventor the thermogen, consists of a quilt containing a coil of wire bent in the fashion of a gridiron, inclosed in insulating and nonconducting material, and imbedded in cotton, wool or other soft substance with a silk or woolen covering.

The resistance offered by the coil to the flow of an electric current through the wire produces heat in the same way that heat and eventually light are produced in the filament of the glow lamp.

A uniform temperature of about 150 degrees F. is thus maintained, but in the event of the temperature rising beyond that point from increase of pressure in the electric mains a fuse instantly melts and automatically shuts off the current. The quilt may be readily attached to ordinary incandescent lamp terminals.—London Lancet.

LES ROSES DE SADI.

This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses.
They were thrust in the band that my bodice incloses,
But the breast knots were broken, the roses went free.
The breast knots were broken; the roses together
Floated forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,
And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses,
But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses.
Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be.
—Andrew Lang.

A MILD ORIENTAL.

If you consider the circumstances of the case, it was the only thing that he could do. But Pambe Serang had been hanged by the neck till he was dead, and nobody cared whether he was right or wrong.

Three years ago, when the Elsass-Lothringen steamer Saarbuck was coaling at Aden and the weather was very hot indeed, Nurkeed, the big fat Zanzibar stoker who fed the second right furnace 30 feet down in the hold, got leave to go ashore. He departed a "Seedee boy," as they call the stokers. He returned the full blooded sultan of Zanzibar—his royal highness Sayyid Burgash—with a bottle in each hand. Then he sat on the fore hatch grating eating salt fish and onions and singing the songs of a far country. The food belonged to Pambe, the serang, or head man of the lascar sailors. He had just cooked it for himself, turned to borrow some salt, and when he came back Nurkeed's dirty fingers were spading into the rice. A serang is a person of importance, far above a stoker, though the stoker draws better pay. He sets the chorus of "Hya, hulla! Heeah, heh," when the captain's gig is pulled up to the davits. He heaves the lead, too, and sometimes, when all the ship is lazy, he puts on his whitest muslin and a big red sash and plays with the passengers' children on the quarter deck. Then the passengers give him money, and he saves it for an orgie at Bombay, Calcutta or Pulu Penang.

"Ho, you fat, black barrel, you're eating my food!" said Pambe in the other lingua franca which begins where the Levant tongue stops and runs from Port Said eastward till east is west and the sealing brigs of the Kurile islands gossip with Hakodate junks.

"Son of Eblis, monkey face, dried shark's liver, pig man, I am the Sultan Sayyid Burgash and the commander of all this ship! Take away your garbage," and Nurkeed thrust the empty pewter rice plate into Pambe's hand. Pambe beat it into a basin over Nurkeed's woolly head. Nurkeed drew his sheath knife and stabbed Pambe in the leg. Pambe drew his sheath knife, but Nurkeed dropped down into the darkness of the hold and spat through the grating at Pambe, who was staining the fore deck with his blood.

Only the big white moon saw these things, for the officers were looking after the coaling and the passengers were tossing in their close cabins. "All right," said Pambe, and went forward to tie up his leg, "we will settle the account later." He was a Malay, born in India, married once in Burma, where his wife had a cigar shop on the Shwe Dagon road; once in Singapore to a Chinese girl and once in Madras to a Mohammedan woman who sold fowls. The English sailor cannot, owing to postal and telegraph facilities, marry so profusely as he used to do, but native sailors can, being uninfluenced by the barbarous inventions of the western savage. Pambe was a good husband when he happened to remember the existence of a wife, but he was also a very good Malay, and it is not wise to offend a Malay, because he does not forget anything. Moreover, in Pambe's case blood had been drawn and food spoiled. Next morning Nurkeed rose with a blank mind. He was no longer sultan of Zanzibar, but a very hot stoker. So he went on deck and opened his jacket to the morning breeze till a sheath knife came like a flying fish and stuck into the woodwork of the cook's galley, half an inch from his right armpit. He ran down elbow before his time, trying to remember what he could have said to the owner of the weapon. At noon, when all the ship's lascars were feeding, Nurkeed advanced into their midst, and being a placid man with a large regard for his own skin he opened negotiations, saying: "Men of the ship, last night I know that I behaved unseemly to some one or another of you. Who was that man, that I may meet him face to face and say that I was drunk."

Pambe measured the distance to Nurkeed's naked breast. If he sprang at him, he might be tripped up, and a blind blow at the chest sometimes only means a gash on the breast bone. Ribs are difficult to thrust between unless the subject is asleep. So he said nothing, nor did the other lascars. Their faces immediately dropped all expression, as is the custom of the orientals when there is killing on the carpet or any chance of trouble. Nurkeed looked long at the white eyeballs. He was only an African and could not read characters. A big sigh, almost a groan, broke from him, and he went back to the furnaces. The lascars took up the conversation where he had interrupted it. They talked of the best methods of cooking rice.

Nurkeed suffered considerably during the run to Bombay from lack of fresh air. He only came on deck to breathe when all the world was about, and even then a heavy block once dropped from a derrick within a foot of his head and an apparently lashed grating on which he set his foot began to turn with the intention of dropping him on the cased cargo 15 feet below, and one insupportable night the sheathknife dropped from the fo'c's'le, and this time it drew blood. So Nurkeed made complaint, and when the Saarbruck reached Bombay fled and buried himself among 800,000 people and did not sign articles till the ship had been a month gone from the port. Pambe waited, too, but his Bombay wife grew clamorous, and he was forced to sign in the Spicheren to Hongkong, because he realized that all play and no work gives Jack a ragged shirt. In the foggy China seas he thought a great deal of Nurkeed, and when Elsass-Lothringen steamers lay in port with the Spicheren inquired after him and found he had gone to England via the cape on the Gravelotte. Pambe went to England on the Worth. The Spicheren met her by the Nore Light. Nurkeed was going out with her to the Calicut coast.

* * * * * *

"Want to find a friend, my trap mouthed coal scuttle?" said a gentleman in the mercantile service. "Nothing easier. Wait at the Nyanza docks till he comes. Every one comes to the Nyanza docks. Wait, you poor heathen." The gentleman spoke the truth. There are three great doors in the world whereat, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez canal is one, but there death comes also. Charing Cross station is the second—for inland work—and the Naynza docks are the third. At each of these places are men and women looking eternally for those who will surely come. So Pambe waited at the docks. Time was no object to him, and the wives could wait, as he did from day to day, week to week, month to month, by the Blue Diamond funnels, the Red Dot smokestacks, the Yellow Streaks and the nameless dingy gypsies of the sea that loaded and unloaded, jostled, whistled and roared in the everlasting fog. When money failed, a kind gentleman told Pambe to become a Christian, and Pambe became one with great speed, getting his religious teachings between ship and ship's arrival and 6 or 7 shillings a week for distributing tracts to mariners. What the faith was Pambe did not in the least care, but he knew if he said, "Native Ki-lis-ti-an, sar," to men with long black coats he might get a few coppers, and the tracts were vendible at a little public house that sold shag by the "dottel," which is even smaller weight than the "half screw," which is less than the half ounce and a most profitable retail trade.

But after eight months Pambe fell sick with pneumonia, contracted from long standing still in slush, and much against his will he was forced to lie down in his two and sixpenny room, raging against fate.

The kind gentleman sat by his bedside and grieved to find that Pambe talked in strange tongues, instead of listening to good books, and almost seemed to become a benighted heathen again, till one day he was roused from semistupor by a voice in the street by the dockhead. "My friend—he," whispered Pambe. "Call now—call Nurkeed. Quick! God has sent him!" "He wanted one of his own race," said the kind gentleman, and going out he called "Nurkeed!" at the top of his voice, and an excessively colored man in a rasping white shirt and brand new slops, a shining hat and a breastpin turned round. Many voyages had taught Nurkeed how to spend his money and made him a citizen of the world.

"Hi! Yes!" said he when the situation was explained. "Command him—black nigger—when I was on the Saarbruck. Ole Pambe. Good old Pambe. Dam lascar. Show him up, sar," and he followed into the room. One glance told the stoker what the kind gentleman had overlooked. Pambe was desperately poor. Nurkeed drove his hands deep into his pockets, then advanced with clinched fists on the sick, shouting: "Hya, Pambe! Hya! Hee, ah! Hulla! Heh! Takilo! Takilo! Make fast aft, Pambe! You know Pambe. You know me. Dek ho, jee! Look! Dam big fat lazy lascar!"

Pambe beckoned with his left hand. His right was under his pillow. Nurkeed removed his gorgeous hat and stooped over Pambe till he could catch a faint whisper. "How beautiful!" said the kind gentleman. "How these orientals love like children!"

"Spit him out," said Nurkeed, leaning over Pambe yet more closely.

"Touching the matter of that fish and onions," said Pambe—and sent the knife home under the edge of the rib bone, upward and forward.

There was a thick, sick cough, and the body of the African slid slowly from the bed, his clutching hands letting fall a shower of silver pieces, which ran across the room.

"Now I can die!" said Pambe.

But he did not die. He was nursed back to life with all the skill which money could buy, for the law wanted him, and in the end he grew sufficiently convalescent to be hanged in due and proper form.

Pambe did not care particularly, but it was a sad blow to the kind Christian gentleman.—St. James Gazette.

Helmholtz's Remarkable Brain.

In order to satisfy scientific men as to the real cause of Professor Helmholtz's death, says the London Telegraph's Berlin correspondent, a post mortem examination was made at the desire of his relatives, the chief results of which are as follows: As a consequence of the paralytic strokes the left portion of the brain was considerably softened, while the right portion was perfectly normal and sound. The brain displayed unusually numerous cerebral sinuations, such as are known to be generally observed in the brains of persons of very great intellect. The physicians and pathologists who conducted the examination were extremely interested in what they saw, and a cast of the brain was immediately taken. Other organs of the body showed some signs of disorder, but in his lifetime the deceased had not experienced any inconvenience therefrom.

Going by Wind Power.

On an Irish Railway—I say, guard, how is it we're going so fast today?

"Why wouldn't we, sor? Sure we've got the wind behind us."—London

SPEED VERSUS SAFETY.

A Sea Captain Tells How and Why He Must Make Quick Time.

A passenger on one of the European liners made a jocose remark to the captain one night as they were chatting familiarly on deck.

"You sea captains," he said, "are the only absolute sovereigns now left in the world. When the ship leaves port, your will is law. Every one on board recognizes your supreme authority. From your decisions there are no appeals. Every life is in your keeping. You are sea kings indeed."

"No, we are bondmen of the company managers," was the bluff old captain's reply. "We are under obligations to make fast runs, yet never to take any risks. It is no longer possible for the captain of a first class liner to exercise discretion.

"Why, on my last run across the Atlantic," he continued, rapidly warming up, "I had bad weather nearly all the way. When the wind was not blowing a gale, there was dense fog, and I didn't dare to run at full speed. The ship was 36 hours behind time in reaching New York."

The captain and the passenger were intimate friends and talked without restraint.

"I went to the main office," the captain continued, "and was received coldly by the manager. He told me that I had made a very poor run. I tried to explain how bad the weather had been, but he listened impatiently. He reminded me that other ships leaving England on the same day had arrived much earlier, although they must have had similar weather. He said that the day for cautious, old fashioned captains had gone by. The reputation of a ship for speed must be maintained, and captains must be brisk and wide awake, or their usefulness would be at an end.

"You may have noticed," the captain added after a pause, "that we have been running at full speed all day in a heavy fog. Your king has been profiting by the reprimand which he received, and he hasn't known a comfortable moment until the fog lifted an hour ago.

"So you see that the kings of the sea are the managers' bondmen. If they are cautious and avoid risks, they are considered sleepy and slow. If they are venturesome and the ship goes wrong, then they are condemned as foolhardy. That's the tyranny of the sea, even if we are kings on deck."—Philadelphia Times.

A "Singular" Costume.

They were standing on a street corner waiting for a car. She was American; he was English. She delighted in proclaiming the glories of this new world, but he only elevated his beastly nose and answered every remark with that irritating phrase, "In the old country," etc.

While they were waiting a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, wheeled by. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

"Aw!" the Englishman remarked. "Knickerbockers!"

The girl looked in surprise. "Do you mean the woman in bloomers?"

"Yes, but in the old country, ye know, we call 'em knickerbockers."

Miss America hardly knew how to answer his know it all manner. She felt it would be rude to change the conversation too abruptly, so she simply said, "By the way, do you call 'a pair of knickerbockers' singular or plural?"

The Englishman glanced after the retreating bicyclers. "Plural," he said, "as applied to men, but in the case of women—singular."—Boston Budget.

A Yearly Newspaper.

What would you think of a yearly newspaper—one that is only printed once through the twelvemonth? There are at least two such in the world, and there may be more. One is called The Eskimo Bulletin. It is issued every year at Prince of Wales' Cape, Bering strait, on the arrival at that isolated place of the yearly steamer. This brings news from the outer world, and the paper that has something to print besides its local news, that everybody knows at any rate. The other paper is printed in Paris, and it comes out once a year now, just to preserve its name, The Twentieth Century. Its publishers think that will be a very fine name for a journal when the twentieth century is actually here, and for fear some one will get ahead of them in it they will issue their paper once a year until 1900, and thus be first in the field.—New York Times.

The "Autocrat" Sometimes Nodded.

Dr. Holmes paid as little heed to the dictum of the rhetoricians that a sentence should not end with a preposition or other important word as did the other author of a work on rhetoric who laid down the rule, "A preposition should not be used to end a sentence with." Dr. Holmes ended not only sentences, but chapters, with prepositions and other insignificant words. For example, chapter 6 of "Elsie Venner" ends with the words "attend to," and chapter 12 of the same novel ends with the words "die of."—Boston Transcript.

The Just Fear of God.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

The teachers of cooking in the Boston public schools are paid $45 for their first year's work, with an annual increase of $48 until the maximum of $744 is reached. The director of the cooking schools is paid $1,000.

The Saulte Ste. Marie was so named to distinguish it from many other saultes or leaps. The Indian name was Pawateey, "Water Falling Over Rocks."

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Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of November.

Nov. 18th—Twenty-seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

St. Dominic's, San Francisco.
St. Elizabeth's, Fruitvale.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, November 24th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Nov. 18, Sunday—27th after Pentecost—Patronage, B. M. V.
Nov. 19, Monday—St. Elizabeth (Queen, Hungary, 1234.)
Nov. 20, Tuesday—St. Felix Valois, F. (Trinitarians, 1212.)
Nov. 21, Wednesday—Presentation, B. V. M.
Nov. 22, Thursday—St. Cecilia, (230.)
Nov. 23, Friday—St. Clement, I., P. M. (100.)
Nov. 24, Saturday—St. John of the Cross, (O. C., 1591.)

To Heal the Eastern Schism.

The Union of the Communions with the See of St. Peter is the present one grand aim of Leo XIII. St. Thomas Aquinas, the Prince of Theologians, whom the Holy Father has placed on so high a pedestal was engaged in the same blessed work of healing the Eastern Schism, He died in 1274 on his way to the Council of Lyons which had been convened for this purpose. The Saint's dogmatic statement of the Headship of the Church, in his great work "Contra Gentiles" is unsurpassed and should be a household word.

Aquinas writes: "But should anyone object that Christ is the One Head and One Shepherd, who is the One Bridegroom of the One Church. The objection is not sufficient. For it is plain that Christ Himself performs the Sacraments of the Church. For it is He who baptises; He who forgives sins; He who is the true Priest who offered Himself on the altar of the Cross, and by whose virtue His body is daily consecrated on the altar. And yet because He was not at present to be visibly with the Church, He hath chosen Ministers by whom He dispenses these sacraments to the faithful.

"Therefore, by the same reason, inasmuch as He was about to withdraw his visable presence from the Church, it was fitting that He should commit to some one the charge of the Universal Church. Hence it is that He said to Peter, before His ascension, 'Feed my sheep;' and, before his passion, 'Thou, when thou art converted, confirm thy brethren.' And to Peter alone He promised 'I will give to thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven,' so that the power of the Keys might be pointed out as to be derived through him to others for the preservation of the Church's unity.

"But it cannot be said that although He gave this dignity to Peter, yet it is not derived though him to others. For it is plain that Christ so set up His Church, that it would last forever, according to Isaias ix. 7: 'He shall sit upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice henceforth forever.'

"It is plain, therefore, that He set up in their ministry those who then were, in such a way that their power should be continued in their successors for the good of the Church unto the end of the world; especially as He says Himself 'Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'

"But by this is excluded the presumptuous error of certain persons who endeavor to withdraw themselves from obedience and subjection to Peter, by not recognizing his Successor, the Roman Pontiff, as Pastor of the Universal Church." (Contra Gentiles, iv. 76.)

The Holy Father is taking great part in the work of the Conference now sitting in Rome. In his speech after praising all who had helped to bring about the conference the Pope said:

"We wish that all Governments alike had embraced this grand ideal, inasmuch as the work, if achieved, will be for the interest and benefit of the entire world; but political views and, still more, we regret to say, the unreasonable jealousies of some of the Governments, which show in what condition the Papacy is placed, have prevented these reunions from having the large and solid results rightly expected from them.

"Above all, we must lament the absence of the Patriarch of the Armenians. We shall not on this account, however, recede from our purpose, and, even if we can count only within certain limits on political union, nothing will prevent us from solving the grand problem from the religious side while awaiting more propitious times for the rest of the work."

The Pope presided over the third sitting of the conference looking to the union of Eastern churches at the Vatican. His Holiness presented a memorandum of the communications of the Holy See with Patriarch Azarian, of Constantinople, who is detained at the Turkish capital. It is believed that several more sittings of the conference will be necessary. To-day's sitting lasted two and a half hours.

Voters should not allow themselves to be misled by false claims of victory in the recent election. There is no use in disguising the fact that the ticket endorsed by the A. P. A. was elected in a great many more instances than was pleasant. That a different result might have been attained had the campaign been conducted by the diocesan organ in a manner befitting a Catholic newspaper, is now patent to all. Its course disgusted thinking Catholics, and gave the enemy an opportunity to retaliate, a circumstance they were not slow to make use of. Outside of a few patronage offices, the ticket endorsed by the A. P. A. was successful in nearly one-half. It is only proper that Catholics should bear this in mind, and commence at once to repair their broken fences. Two years may make a wondrous change in public sentiment, and now is the time to commence the campaign of education.

The Papal Delegate and the Archbishops in the Eastern States consider that A. P. Aism will refute itself before the intelligent common sense of the American people. A different view has been taken by some of our weekly journals. We are firmly convinced that vile vituperation furthers no cause. In religious controversy, we take St. Francis of Sales as our model, and rely upon gentleness and intelligent argument to convince opponents.

Catholics, it is said, and with good reason, make up for their unity in faith by disunion on almost all other questions. The American public may by the late election see that Catholics are of all political parties; Republican, Democratic, populist, prohibitionist, etc. The little tug of war between Archbishop Ireland and Father Young the Paulist is another illustration.

The phenominal vote given to Adolph Sutro in the last election places him in an independent position as regards the discharge of the duties of Mayor. His character is so well known to the people, that all look for one of the best administrations of that office we have ever had.

In the heat of the struggle with A. P. Aism, there have been many things said about the relations of Church and State that will be deeply regretted. There can be no doubt a little more theological study of this question is sorely needed.

A typographical error in our last issue obliges us to reproduce in corrected form the following:

Conscience of which we speak is not a faculty of the soul; nor is it an acquired habit. It is an act of judgment, a practical dictate of the understanding, which arguing from the law of morals pronounces that something in particular here and now has to be avoided because it is evil, or has to be done inasmuch as it is good. It is the interior voice which pronounces sentence in a particular case, declaring it to be conformable or contrary to law. To all intents and purposes conscience is, to borrow a phrase from logic, the conclusion of a syllogism.' For instance: 'It is prohibited to injure my neighbor's reputation' (the major premiss taught by the divine law;) to publish a certain secret which I know concerning my neighbor would certainly injure my neighbor (the minor premiss being something I am inclined to do); therefore it would be wrong, sinful for me to divulge such secret (the conclusion constituting conscience.) Plainly it is an act of the intellect presented to the will whereon its freedom of choice is to be exercised.

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THOMAS J. GLYNN.

His Excellent Record Assisted in his Re-Election.

That voters are disposed to recognize the value of efficient services is evidenced by the handsome vote received by Thomas J. Glynn, the present incumbent of the Recorder's office, who has again been chosen to fill that responsible position.

The office of Recorder is one of the most important in the whole municipality, for even a single error in entering documents entrusted to his care may result in suits affecting property interests reaching many thousands of dollars. The general public is but little aware of the measures taken by Mr. Glynn to protect property owners from the schemes of land frauds. Since he took charge of the office every suspicious transaction has been investigated. This system has worked so well that the recordiug of fraudulent papers has entirely ceased. The difficulty of finding the makers of these bugus documents has been attended with immense difficulty, many of the deeds being mailed from distant cities. Notwithstanding, the following are a few of Mr. Glynn's achievements:

Conviction of J. P. Monaghan, author of the "Monaghan subdivision" scheme.

Clearing of title to above lands, 600 lots.

Detection of Count Peter von Rulovasbaski, detection of the forged "Sutro deed," discovery of the bogus building contract on the Doe building, discovery of the Cristy forgery and conviction and sentence of "Red Mike" McLaughlin.

Mr. Glynn holds among stacks of letters of gratitude one from Adolph Sutro, thanking him for his detection of a forgery that saved Mr. Sutro $50,000.

Now that Mr. Glynn has been re-elected, property owners feel safe that their interests will be well looked after, his previous splendid record being a sufficient guarantee for the future.

Hon. J. E. Barry.

In the re-election of Hon. J. E. Barry, to the office of Justice of the Peace, a graceful compliment has been paid to a rising young native son. In the discharge of the duties of his office, Mr. Barry has shown a clearly trained legal mind, and all his decisions have been noted for their sound logical reasoning. In fact so large a percentage of the decisions rendered by him, have stood the scrutiny of the higher courts of appeal, as to excite very favorable comment. Mr. Barry's parents are old and well known residents of this city, and it must indeed be gratifying to them to witness the results of their excellent care in their son, who now so ably graces the bench. Mr. Barry's judicial course mark him for further advancement in time, and in a few years more he will no doubt, have further and more important judicial honors conferred upon him.

The General Opinion.

The Colusa Sun, of date of November 12, says:

"With all due deference to the judgment of the San Francisco Monitor and its advisers, we cannot but be of the opinion that its zeal in the fight with the A. P. A. has run away with its better reason. The very best way to build up such an institution is to make it important, and this the Monitor has done in season and out of season. Those who take it upon themselves to defend a cause in a newspaper often lose sight of the cause in in their zeal to make the championship of the paper conspicuous. The Sun has ever tried to keep the cause in view; and in that it is often best to repress an impulsive desire to get at the other fellow's neck-tie. This must often be done at the expense of having one's friends think one lukewarm. Although the Monitor makes a great enemy of the A. P. A., its issue after the election underestimates the strength of that organization. It had strength in this contest, especially when it went to the Democrats so secretly that its support was not suspected. If the Monitor and papers of that kind will only let it alone or give it the occasional notice it merits, it has now reached the zenith of its strength.

HE WISHED HIMSELF A DOG.

"I wish I was a dog," he said,
With evident disgust,
And savagely his clinching fists
Into his pockets thrust.
His wife bestowed her tenderest care
Upon her puppy, Tim,
But not a kindly word or look
Would she accord to him.

The gravest error she commits
Of all her married life
Who casts aside as "no account"
The duties of a wife.
I've seen it frequently myself
And never will forget.
She frowned and scowled upon her "hub,"
But smiled upon her pet.

I do not wonder that a man
In such domestic bog,
Will sink into the deepest woe
And wish himself a dog.
If I had such a wife as that,
On sweet revenge I'd feast.
I'd make her squarely toe the mark
And kill the tarnal beast.
—Nebraska Journal.

CATHERINE HARRISON, WITCH.

A Paper on the Early Witch Lore of Connecticut.

Dr. C. J. Hoadly read a paper on "Catherine Harrison, Witch," at a meeting of the Connecticut Historical society. Dr. Hoadly said that while Catherine Harrison was not executed two were undoubtedly executed for witchcraft in Connecticut, and there were others about whom there might be some doubt. This community was not swept by the superstition as were some parts of Massachusetts, but there were those here who held to it.

Catherine Harrison was a house servant before her marriage, and one of the daughters of the house where she worked made oath that she was a "notorious liar, a Sabbath breaker and a fortune teller." The depositions said she had caused sickness to some people, death to others, had an unholy influence over animals, had been seen to appear as a calf and change back to her own shape, and that her form or face had frequently appeared at people's bedsides and other unlikely places. At this trial she was not convicted. She was arrested again in May, 1669, and again committed to jail. At the following term of court she was indicted, pleaded not guilty and was tried before a jury. This jury then failed to agree, and she was remanded to jail until court should convene again in the fall. At that term the jury rendered a verdict of guilty, but the court was not satisfied. It obtained an expert opinion on witchcraft from some ministers, and still not being satisfied referred the matter to the general court. She remained in prison until May, 1670, when the general court released her on the payment of the "just fees" of the trial and on condition she should leave the state.

Catherine Harrison left the state and went to Westchester, N. Y., but her reputation preceding her the inhabitants complained to the governor. For some time she was placed under bonds for good behavior. She was afterward released.—Hartford Times.

An Eccentric Character.

It was at night, when the lower part of Broadway was as silent as a village street. A lone cab was crawling along, its driver comfortably hunched forward smoking a cigar. Suddenly there was a crash, the sharp rattle of broken glass on the pavement, and a leg protruded through one of the cab windows. The few pedestrians and one policeman who heard and saw were startled, and the observing Sun man had dismal forebodings of having to go back to the office and write a story about a mystery or possibly the tragedy of a Broadway cab.

But the driver remained comfortably hunched, did not miss a puff of his cigar, and the horse jogged on until the policeman motioned to the driver to stop.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It's all right," answered the driver.

"But let's have a look," said the officer.

He peered into the cab, which contained but one person, a man, who, observing the officer, remarked in anything but tragic, in fact, in the friendliest of tones:

" 'F'ser, le's all have 'nozzer."

"Drive on," said the policeman and added, "But I don't want any more of this cab window smashing on Broadway."

"He can't smash any more," the driver said, gathering up his reins. "He smashed the left door glass at Duane, the front glass at Howard and the right door glass here at Grand. He's all right. He does this about once a month."

"G'ni', 'f'ser,' said the fare.

"Good night, sir," replied the officer.—New York Sun.

On His Knee Mayhap.

They sat at opposite ends of the sofa.

"Be mine," he pleaded.

"I am not in a position to entertain such a proposal," she answered coldly.

He was not of the sort of man to require the impact of a tabernacle falling on his head ere he would tumble, and he shortly effected a rearrangement of positions mutually satisfactory, and of a nature to facilitate the matter in hand.—Detroit Tribune.

Just This Once.

Corporal Piton applies for leave of absence.

"On what grounds?" inquired the colonel.

"I have just lost my mother, colonel."

"All right, sacrenomdunchien! Leave granted, but see this doesn't happen again!"—Charivari.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

Newark, N. J., was first called Milford, from the name of a town in Connecticut. Its name was changed at the suggestion of the Rev. Abraham Pierson, an early minister in the town, who had been ordained at Newark, in England.

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Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Death of a Sister of Notre Dame at San Jose.

THE FAIR AT BERKELEY.

Alameda's New Bell Blessed on Sunday—A Home for Deaf Mutes, Etc.

Our readers will find in the following columns a resume of all the important events of the past few days.

San Jose.

Attempts were made on Wednesday night of last week to enter the Notre Dame Institute on the corner of Second and Reid streets, but evidently the two burglars were frightened away.

The German Catholic church near by was also entered but nothing was taken.

Not alone are the young ladies attending Notre Dame college well advanced in English branches, but foreign languages come trippingly from their tonges. The following program was rendered in the college hall last week, and those who were present were surprised at the proficiency displayed by the participants. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and generous applause greeted the efforts of the young ladies. The progams were printed on the college press, and the order of exercises was as follows:

LA CHARITE RECOMPENSEE

Drame en Deux Actes

Antonine, Princesse	Mlle. L. Schroder
Mme. de Merville, Sa Gouvernante	" L. McAuliffe
Eleonore Delmont	" G. Yoell
Rose, Sa Sœur	" F. McKinnon
Leurs Compagnes	
Caroline	" H. Wilcox
Laure	" M. Wilcox
Corinne	" M. Phelps
Marie	" E. Wolfskill
Mme. de Beauval, Veuve	W. McLaughlin
Martine, Paysanne	" G. Hoitt

ACTE PREMIER

"Annie Laurie," Violin et Piano H and M Wilcox

"Amour et Printemps," Chanson G. Hoitt

Duet, Piano K. Donovan and G. O'Connor

ACTE SECOND

"Les Adieux de Marie Stewart," Mlle A Plank

Le 8, Nov. 1894.

Sister Rosalie of the Sacred Heart passed away Sunday morning at 2:30 o'clock. Though for several months visibly sinking under the effects of that insiduous disease, consumption, there was nothing to prelude such a swift closing of that bright and beautiful life. The end came without struggle or agony.

Sister Rosalie (Miss Cassie Belden) was born July 20, 1865, in Nevada City, Nevada county, where her childhood was spent. She was educated at the Notre Dame Academy in this city. She entered the novitiate of the order December 8, 1889, was missioned to San Francisco as one of the corps of teachers of music after pronouncing her solemn vows July 14, 1892, returning to San Jose last June.

As pupil, novice, Sister and teacher Sister Rosalie leaves behind her the sweetest and tenderest remembrance in the hearts of all who knew her. Her mother has had the consolation of being daily beside her daughter during her illness.

Sister Rosalie was niece of the late Judge Belden, whose honored memory shall ever be held here in reverent esteem, interwoven into the annals of our valley and city. A quotation from one of Sister Rosalie's own poems, entitled, "With God," a tribute to the foundress of Notre Dame College in this city, is touchingly appropriate today:

Through the blinding tears that fall
We can see her saintly smile,
And she seems to say, "We part
Only for a little while."

Far beyond the vaulted skies,
With the Lamb's pure bridal throng,
She the Virgin's choir has joined
In their never-ending song.

Oh, we would not call her back
From that scene of joy above,
'Neath the everlasting light
Of the Spouse's smile of love.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, after a Solemn Requiem Mass in the convent chapel.

The pupils of the college visited the chrysanthemum display on Saturday forenoon after the morning recitations. As honorary members of the County Floral Society, on account of the help they rendered during the Midwinter Fair, and as half the proceeds were to go to the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society of the Garden City, the pupils had a two-fold object in view, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, while they were helping a good cause.

The "coming event" is the annual Cecilian Concert, for which the pupils are enthusiastically preparing, as the college is to present this year a novel feature on the program, not yet introduced in any other institution on the coast.

Alameda.

The monster Blymyer bell, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kane for the new St. Joseph's church, was blessed on Sunday afternoon by Very Rev. J. Prendergast, V.G., in the presence of at least 500 peopie. Early in the afternoon the deft fingers of Mrs. Harry Young and Miss Kane decorated the bell with garlands of white flowers and wreaths of smilax. On its crown was a bunch of nodding white chrysanthemums, held in place by a bow of red, white and blue ribbons. Over the wheel, in place of the rope, was a string of smilax, and its ponderous steel frame was hidden beneath a wealth of blossoms. Father Prendergast was assisted by Rev. J. F. Byrne as deacon, Rev. Father Clancy as sub deacon, and Rev. John McGinty as master of ceremonies. Rev. J. B. McNally, of St. Patrick's, West Oakland, and Rev. M. D. Connolly, of St. Paul's, also assisted in the ceremony. Father Sullivan, whose recent illness prevented him from leaving his room, was an interested spectator from his room in the adjoining residence.

After the bell had been washed with holy water and annointed with holy oils. the sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, standing to the right of the officiating clergy, the sexton and J. H. Sullivan, brother of Father Sullivan, grasped the wheel, and its loud, sweet tones rung out for the first time, announcing its consecration to the purpose of Catholic worship. The officiating clergy then entered the church and benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was celebrated by the same priests as paticipated in the ceremony of blessing the bell. Before proceeding with the benediction services, Father Prendergast made a brief address. He spoke of the significance of the ceremony just completed, which he said, might be considered to be one of three elements which go to make up the nature of the laws of the Catholic church. These three elements are the divine, ecclesiastical and human.

The divine element consists of all that our Saviour instituted, and may be called the constitution of our Church which is unalterable. No person can take from the Church these divine elements, such as the sacraments. The second part is the ecclesiastical. Protestants are wont to confound these different elements. While this element is an important one, it is not an essential one. Father Prendergast then proceeded to explain the position of the Catholic church on the question of marriage and divorce in order to illustrate his meaning. Lastly he referred to the human side of the church, saying that even from Pope down to the humblest cleric some had failed to keep the law of God. We admit this human side, for man's liberty is not trammeled when he is consecrated. Father Prendergast then spoke of the significance of the cermony of blessing the bell, and urged his hearers to promptly respond to its summons.

During the benediction the choir composed of Mrs. W. F. Chipman, Miss J. Patterson, Walter W. Goggin and W. J. Bachelder, organist, rendered "Veni Creator," from a Russian melody, Cherubini's "Veni Jesu," Verdi's "Jesu Dei Vivi," and Weygand's "Tantum Ergo.'

Berkeley.

The attendance at the fair at St. Joseph's hall was very gratifying to the ladies in charge. The large room was very tastefully decorated and furnished a never ending source of amusement for young and old.

The following is a list of those in charge of tables:

West Berkeley table—Mrs. Alice Brennan, assisted by Mrs. A. Brown, Mrs. Emma Maloney, Misses Nellie Teague, Teresa McDonald and Mary Smith.

East Berkeley table—Misses Sadie Gallagher, Nelly Kenny, Mary McEntee, Maggie McKenna, Sara and Ignacia Gallegos.

Centre Berkeley table—Miss Tillie Curtis, assisted by Misses Mary Jackson, Tessie Matthews, Cecelia and Mary Acton, Louisa Lopez, Mary McDonald and Maud Byrne.

The electric booth is in charge of Mrs. T. F. Holtz, assisted by Misses Annie and Kitty Batrsby, Camillo Holtz and Mr. Fred Williamson.

Fish pond—Mrs. Douglas, assisted by Misses Dora and Annie Peters and Sara Miller.

Ice cream and soda fountain—Mrs. Annie Newell, assisted by Misses Mary Bloomfield, Sadie Flemming and Katy Byrne.

The supper department is in charge of Mrs. John Cain and Mrs. Cassie McClelland, assisted by Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Creed.

Hall managers—Messrs. J. M. Doyle, Will Grant and and Larry Ryan.

Stockton.

Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., are conducting a two weeks' mission in St. Mary's church. The attendance at all the services is exceptionally good. The congregation take particu- interest in the sermons that are being preached. Following is their program: 5 o'clock, A. M., Mass and instructions; 8:30 A. M., Mass and sermon; 3 P. M., Stations of the Cross; 7:30 P. M., rosary, sermon and Benediction of the the Most Holy Sacrament.

The bazaar held by the Catholic ladies of St. Mary's parish last week proved to be a success, both socially and financially. There were two fancy booths, both loaded with fancy articles. The candy stand, refreshment stand and fish-pond were liberally patronized, and the sale of articles on the fancy table was spirited. The ladies in charge of the different booths feel grateful to all who patronized the tables, and also for the large attendance each evening. The first evening the boys of the Brothers' school had an interesting program of exercises, and the program the second evening was by the pupils of St. Agnes' academy; these exercises preceeded the sale of articles and fair work by the ladies. The other two evenings there was no program, but the time was spent by all present at the different booths, assisting the ladies. The Brothers' school and St. Agnes' academy received special praise from all who witnessed the exercises the first two evenings.

San Rafael.

One hundred and fifty orphan boys of St. Vincent's Asylum received the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday at the hands of his Grace, Archbishop Riordan. Under the direction of the Christian Brothers the boys had been thoroughly instructed and trained, and it was a most pleasing sight to witness their pious actions. A large number of visitors were present, besides his Grace, Father Mulligan, his secretary, Father McSweeney, of Oakland, Father Phelan, chaplain of the of the Asylum, Father McMahon and Father Crowley, the former director, were present.

At present there are over 500 orphans under the care of the Brothers, and the good effects of their painstaking labors are already apparent. The Brothers are devoted to their work, and in consequence everything is running harmoniously. The only discipline used is kindness. Wherever the boys are the Brothers are always with them, and this constant watchfulness has already borne good fruit.

On Thanksgiving day an elaborate program, the first of a series of monthly entertainments, will be presented. The boys are counting the hours till then, as it promises to be a red letter day in the history of the Asylum.

East Oakland.

On Tuesday evening the young people of St. Anthony's parish gave a literary and musical entertaiument at St. Anthony's hall before a large audiencc. The entertainment was given for the charity fund of the Catholic Ladies Aid Society.

This was the first entertainment of this kind which has been given by the Catholics of East Oakland for many years. It is to be hoped that we will have the pleasure of hearing from the young folks soon again. It was also the first appearance of the young ladies and gentlemen's glee club. With but little more practice, it is safe to say they will become very expert.

The glee clubs are composed of the following young people;

Young ladies' glee club: Misses Annie Hampel, Josephine Edwards, Tessie Lamb, L. White, M. Baker, N. Moffiit, Alice Hampel, L. Glover, M. Gray, A. O'Connor.

Young men's: Messrs. J. Rosborough, D. Corkery, H. Briggs, J. V. Sweeney, J. Slattery, R. White and J. T. Harrington.

The solos by Misses Hampel and White were very artistically rendered. The bass solo by Mr. Rosborough was sung with much force and expression. His voice is rich and he sings with ease. Miss L. Donovan was recalled three times, and even then the audience did not appear to have enough of her. The duet by Messrs. Corkery and Sweeney was well rendered and they had to respond to a second call.

The entertainment was a success financially and otherwise. Every number on the program was heartily applauded and encored.

West Oakland.

Tomorrow will be the generaf Reparation Communion day for all the members of the parish. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there will be solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Gentlemen's Sodality will meet on Sunday evening to make arrangements for their Communion on the following Sunday.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of St. Joseph's Institute, recently filed articles of incorporation of St. Joseph's Home for Deaf Mutes. It is the intention of the Sisters, in time, to conduct such an institution near the city of Oakland, and also to establish and maintain a hospital and care for orphans. The directors chosen for the first year are Sisters of the order. So far there is no capital stock, nor have they received any contributions.

Here and There.

Bishop Montgomery recently spoke at Pasadena, advocating the Catholics of that city to at once take steps to build a new church nearer the center of the city.

Rev. P. E. Mulligan has been appointed secretary to the Aachbishop. Rev. P. C. Yorke, in addition to his duties as chancellor, it is reported will continue to act as editor of the Archbishop's paper in place of Mr. Quinn who will cease his connection with it on the first of the year,

Mention was made last week of the visit of Bishop Mora to this city, en route to Spain. We have since been informed that he is en route to Rome to pay his visit ad limina and will return to again take charge of his diocese.

The collections in the churches for the benefit of St. Mary's College approximate $3,000.

Catholic Ladies' Aid Society.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 19, C. L. A. S., a large number ef invited guests were present to witness the installation of officers. Grand President, Mrs. M. A. Deane, presided, and installed the following officers:

President, Mrs. P. J. White; senior vice-president, Mrs. O. S. Carvill; junior vice-president, Mrs. J. S. Adams; recording and corresponding secretary, Miss E. M. Macdonald; financial secretary, Miss O. Libby; treasurer, Miss M. Bannan; marshal, Miss M. Doyle; guard, Miss K. Walsh; executive committee—Miss M. Gibson, Mrs. Carvill, Mrs. Adams; district deputy, Miss E. Macdonald. A fine musical program was enjoyed, light refreshments were served by a bevy of pretty young ladies and several hours were pleasantly spent in social conversation. The secretary read a splendid report of the work done by the branch the past six months.

Bound to Succeed.

James A. Munro, although young in years, is now at the head of one one of the largest business establishments in the city of Alameda. A few days ago he purchased the interests of his partner in the firm of De Wise & Munro, dealers in furniture and carpets.

Mr. Munro's success in business in Alameda has been nothing short of remakarble, but is the legitimate result of his progressiveness and business integrity. He went there a stranger about three years ago, after having mastered the upholstery and carpet business in one of the largest houses in San Francisco.

After clerking for one year, and seeing the future possibilities of the business, he bought an interest in Mr. De Nise's business, and proceeded at once to extend the field of its operations. On Monday last he became the sole proprietor of what is considered one of the most complete and best appointed furniture stores in the county. It is located at 1517-19 Park street, convenient to the broad guage railroad.

For Thanksgiving Day.

As usual every year Sbarboro & Co. are to the front with an attractive assortment of all the good things that go to make up the ideal Thanksgiving Day dinner. Of course, mince pies take foremost rank after the turkey is gone. Their prepared mincemeat is all ready for the paste, aad is guaranteed strictly pure. Their canned plum pudding holds second place in gastronomic affection, and can be excelled by none other. Then among all other good things whose name is legion, may be mentioned, new raisins, preserved fruits, citron, candied peels of the orange and lemon, Smyrna figs, nuts and dates. Then there are big red cranberries, whi h the thrifty housewife knows how to make into such delicate sauces. In fact, all that is needed in the grocery line to make a Thanksgiving dinner a success can be found at Sbarboro & Co.'s, at prices to suit the times.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT — Milling, 85@90c ₱ ctl; shipping grades, 80@82½c

BARLEY — Feed, 75@80c ₱ ctl; new brewing, 87½@92½c; choice Chevalier, $1 27½@1 30.

OATS—Old crop—Off grades of feed, 80c@92½c ₱ ctl; good to choice, 97½c@1 02½; fancy, $1 05@1 10; surprise, $1 12½@1 17½; milling, $1 10@1 15; gray, 95c@$1 00.

CORN — Large yellow, $1 22½@1 25 ₱ ctl; small do, $1 27½@1 30; white, $1 27½@1 30.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 70 ₱ ctl; pink, $1 45@1 55; bayo, $1 75@1 90; small white, $2 50@2 65; large do, $2 40@2 50; butter, $1 75@2 10; Lima, $4 00@4 25; red, $2 00.

SEEDS — Rape, 1¾@2¼c ₱ ℔; hemp, 3@4c; canary, 4c for imported; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 3@3¼c; alfalfa, 10c for Utah; mustard, 3¾@3c for yellow and 2½c for brown.

HAY—Wheat, $8 00@12 50 ₱ ton; wheat and oat, $7 50@11 50; stock, $5 50@6 50; alfalfa, $7 00@9 00; barley, $6 00@9 50; clover, $9 00@11 00; oat, $7 00@11 00; compressed, $7 00@11 00.

STRAW—50@60c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Nominally 3@4c ₱ ℔ for '93 and 6@8c for '94.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—New, 87½@90c ₱ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Nominal.

Mill Products.

FLOUR—Family extra, $3 25@3 35 ₱ bbl; bakers' extra, $3 15@3 25; superfine, $2 40@2 60.

BRAN—From $13 50@14 00 ₱ ton for home product.

MIDDLINGS—From $16 00@18 00 ₱ ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From $18 00@19 00 ₱ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 00@27 50 ₱ ton.

CRACKED CORN—From $27 50@28 00 ₱ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—$35 00 ₱ ton from mill; jobbing at $37 50.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$30 00 ₱ ton.

Various—Cash prices for 10-℔ sks: Cracked Wheat, 3½c ₱ ℔; Rye Flour, 3½c: Rye Meal, 3c: buckwheat Flour, 5c; Oatmeal, 4¼@5c: Oat Groats, 5c; Hominy, 4½@4¾c; Rice Flour, 7½c; Farina, 4½c; Pearl Barley, 4¼@4¾c; Split Pea, 5½@5¾c: Rolled Oats, 5c; Buckwheat Groats, 8½c; Graham Flour, 3c.

Vegetables.

Onions—Yellow, 45@55c ₱ ctl.

Potatoes — From 25@35c ₱ ctl in sks for Early Rose; 40@55c for river Burbanks and 70@80c for Salinas Burbanks; Sweets, 50@75c.

Various — Lima Beans, ¾@1c ₱ ℔; String Beans, ¾@1c: Green Peppers, 25@35c ₱ bx; Cucumbers, 25@40c; do for pickling $1 00@1 50 ₱ 100 ℔s for No. 1, and 25c@50c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 25@35c ₱ bx; Tomatoes, 15@25c for large bxs; Green Corn, 35@50c ₱ sk for common; do bay, 75c@$1 00 ₱ crate and 40@50c for bxs; Green Okra, 35@60c ₱ bx; Egg Plant, 25@35c ₱ bx; Cauliflower, 75@85c ₱ doz; Cabbage, 50@60c ₱ ctl; Beets, 50c ₱ sk; Turnips, 50c; Carrots, 50c; Green Peas, 1@1½c ₱ ℔.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, $3 00@5 00 ₱ chest. Blackberries, $3 00@5 00. Raspberries, $6 00@8 00. Huckleberries, 4@5c ₱ ℔.

Grapes—Muscat, 25@50c ₱ bx; Rose of Peru, 30@40c (fancy in crates, 50c); Black Hamburg and Malvoisie, 25@35c; Tokay, 50@65c.

Apples—40c@$1 00 ₱ bx; plums, 35@50c ₱ bx; prunes, 40@60c ₱ bx; Bartlett pears, 75c@$1 00 ₱ bx; peaches, 15@30c for bskts and 25@75c for bxs; crabapples, 25@40c.

Melons—Watermelons, $6 00@12 00 ₱ 100; canteloupes, 50c@$1 00 ₱ crate; Nutmeg Melons 25@40c ₱ bx.

Figs—Black, 25@75c ₱ bx; do white, 35c; nectarines, red, 40@50c; do white, nominal.

Lemons—California, $2 00@3 50 ₱ bx for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, $4 50@5 00; Mexican limes, $7 00@8 00 ₱ case.

Various—Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ₱ bunch; pineapples, $2 00@3 50 ₱ doz for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 7½@8½c ₱ ℔. Apples, evaporated, 8@8½c; do sun dried, sliced, 5@5½c; peaches, bleached, 6@7c.

Old crop—Pears, 5½@6c for bleached halves; do qrs, 4½@5c; plums, pitted, 3@5c; black figs, pressed, 3c; do unpressed, 2c; do ungraded, 2½@4c; prunes, 4¾@5c for graded and 3@5c for ungraded.

Raisins—Local prices, crop of 1894—California clusters, $1 25@1 50 ₱ bx; do layers, 60c@$1 00; Muscatel, loose, bxs, $1 15@1 25; do sks, 2½@3c for No. 1 and 2¼@2½ for No. 2; dried grapes, 2¾ ₱ ℔.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 9@10c ₱ ℔; do papershell, 10@11c; do hardshell, 5@6c; standard, 7@8c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9@10c: do papershell, 9@10c; do hard shell, 5@6c; do No. 2, 4@4½c; do Chile, 7½@8c; Brazil, 8@10c; Filberts, 10@11c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@13c; peanuts, 5½@6½c; hickory, nominal; cocoanuts, $5 00@5 50 ₱ 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 29@31c ₱ ℔; fancy dairy, 26@28c; good to choice, 22½@25c; common, 18@20c; pickled roll, 16½@21c; creamery in tubs, 21@23c; firkins, 17@19c.

CHEESE—California, 7½@9c ₱ ℔ for flats; Young America, 9@10c; Eastern, 11½@13c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 10@11½c ₱ ℔; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 6¾@7c; light amber do, 6½; dark amber do, 5@6½c.

BEESWAX—24@25c ₱ ℔.

The Bule People of Africa.

In appearance the people are tall, well formed and graceful. The men wear small loin cloths. The women wear nothing but a few handfuls of grass, but they are loaded with ornaments of beads and brass and bells. The men also wear ornaments, but not in such excess. Both men and women take great pains with their hair, doing it up in the strangest and dirtiest way conceivable. A common style is to build it, with the aid of strips of bamboo, into three hard ridges, several inches high, running from the front to the back of the head. Each ridge is mounted with a close row of common white shirt buttons. Sometimes a card containing as many as six dozen is sewed on above each ear. The ridges of hair do not always run fore and aft. They are often in circles built up like a story cake and iced with buttons. Sometimes a kind of splashboard is built out behind, running from ear to ear, to hold more buttons. This latter style prevents their lying to sleep in the ordinary way. They must place the neck on the wooden pillow and let the head hang over. The hair once arranged remains undisturbed for several months. It forms a convenient place for wiping their hands or knives. After dressing it grease is smeared over, which in the sun melts into the hair, some of it usually passing through and running down the back. No matter what color this oil is on going into the hair, it always comes out black.—St Louis Republic.

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AGENTS WANTED

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LOVE IN MASQUERADE.

I dreamed that Love came knocking
At your door one winter night
While the specter trees were rocking
In a blast of savage blight.
"Oh, I perish!" poor Love pleaded.
"Ope the door, for Love's dear sake."
But although you heard and heeded
Still no answer would you make;
Not one word of sweet replying
Would your haughty lips have said
Even if Love had lain there dying,
Even if Love had lain there dead!

Then I dreamed that Love o'erruled you,
For in tenderest voice he cried,
"Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you,
Since I am not Love, but Pride."
And you straightway oped your portals,
With a merry and welcome nod,
To that wiliest of immortals,
To that masquerading god.
Ah, you oped your portals lightly,
Not for Love's but Pride's dear sake,
Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly,
Love soon taught you your mistake!
—Edgar Fawcett in Century.

DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS.

How the Race Horse Peytonia Won $800 For Little Miss Lowrey.

The caprices of fortune ever constitute a subject for special wonder, but the glorious uncertainties of the turf afford perhaps a wider scope for reflections on the ups and downs of life than almost any other sphere of action. Earl Lowrey, formerly of Pittsburg, but now of Chicago, tells a story that illustrates this conclusion very well.

On the morning of the day that Rey El Santa Anita won the American Derby at Washington park Lowrey's little girl, while looking over a programme of the events which he had carelessly left about the house, was struck with the name "Peytonia," the name of an entry in the first race of the day. So deeply was she impressed with it that she asked her father to place her savings of small change on Peytonia, the total amount being $2, which he agreed to do. On arrival at the park he at once discovered that Peytonia's chances for victory appeared to be very slim, one bookmaker offering 400 to 1 against her. Lowrey, nothing daunted, placed the $2 per order, and in doing so provoked a smile from the man on the block, which so nettled him that he promptly placed $5 more at 40 to 1 for the place. As has so often happened before, Peytonia fairly "dropped from the clouds" when the horses were fairly straightened out in the stretch, and to the amazement of every one won the race with comparative ease. Miss Lowrey's fondness for the name Peytonia therefore netted her $800 in cash, while the head of the family was $200 better off for acting as her commissioner.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dr. Holmes and the Reporter.

A young newspaper man, just out of Harvard, who has since made his way in the world with entire credit to himself and the college, was sent down to Beverly Farms to interview Dr. Holmes on his birthday. The young man, being a gentleman, was a little afraid that he was committing what would be a very unwelcome impertinence, but there was no way out of it, except by a way which also led out of his situation. So he went with fear and trembling. He found the doctor as gracious as could be, and when the interview was over the autocrat himself drove the young man down to the station, chatting pleasantly all the way.

At the station there was some time to wait, and Dr. Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye, suggested that he and the young journalist go over to the store and be weighed. The young man was very nearly of the same height and build as the doctor, but at the time was in rather poor health. Dr. Holmes made the journalist get on the scales first. He weighed exactly 130 pounds. Then Dr. Holmes himself got on and tipped the beam at 140 and was very much pleased. It was plain enough that he had "sized up" the young man as about of his own proportions and had guessed that he could outweigh him, and it had tickled his fancy to find himself at the age of 80 a "better man" than the youth.—Boston Transcript.

Knew the Ropes.

Street car conductors are very often inclined to be too independent. One of this class received a well merited lesson several days ago. A tall, broad shouldered fellow wished to alight, but failed to catch the conductor's eye until the crossing was almost reached. When the conductor did notice his signals, he growled out a surly, "You're too late; wait for the next crossing." Without a word the big fellow jumped to the rear platform, jammed down the brake with a jerk and pulled the trolley from the wire, bringing the car to a stop with unpleasant suddenness. Then as he leisurely stepped off he pleasantly remarked to the discomfited conductor, "You stop the next time an old railroad man tells you to."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To Soften Hard Water.

To soften hard water take spirits of wine, a quart; orange flower water, a pint; marine soap, 1¾ pounds. Shave up the soap and put it into the orange flower water, heat till the soap dissolves, then add the spirit. A tablespoonful of this put into the bottom of the basin will completely soften the water that is put into it for washing.

A Last Resort.

The latest story about the weather comes from Pontypool, where an old farmer, exasperated by the falseness of his barometer, which was steadily rising while the rain as steadily fell, got up solemnly, took down the glass, and carrying it to the door showed it the weather.—Pick-Me-Up.

The serpent moves by elevating the scales on its abdomen and using them to push the body forward. The windings are always horizontal. The artists who represent the sinuosities as vertical have never observed the animal in motion. It is impossible for it to move in that way.

The whole of the land on the globe above water level, if shoveled into the Pacific, would only fill one-seventh of it

ABOUT TOBACCO.

Cynical Sentiments as to Its Uses and Abuses and Its Enemies.

Public sentiment is not unanimous in regard to the healthfulness of using tobacco. Everybody who saw the body of a negro upon whom a hogshead of tobacco fell from the third story of a New Orleans warehouse conceded that tobacco taken in large quantities is injurious.

Tobacco is said by some to have a demoralizing effect. An Indiana man taught his dog, a very fine setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burs in his tail, goes with a lower grade of dogs and is beginning to take an interest in politics.

A goat, it is well known, is fond of tobacco, but he freely gives away his butts.

All kinds of troubles and complications are ascribed to tobacco. It is said to cause tobacco blindness. Still we have never found any friends of ours to be afflicted with it when we have incautiously left a choice cigar exposed in our vest pocket.

Ladies generally object to smoking, but it takes an old smoker to get up on his ear and howl four bladed adjectives at the ruffian who is idiotic enough to smoke bad tobacco. If a woman's husband smokes, she should not put him out, but let him down as easy as she would a smoking lamp.

The smoker, on the other hand, has many compensations. If he should be shipwrecked on a cannibal island, he is comforted by the thought that his body will be respected. The cannibals don't relish the flesh of a man who chews or smokes.

The man who smokes is not molested by mosquitoes. They can't stand smoking.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEAR AND THE BRONCHO.

Tom Buckley Lassoed Bruin and Then Bolted From the Fight.

Tom Buckley was working on the spring roundup in the employ of one of the large cattle outfits in southern Montana. While riding through a clump of bushes one day hunting cattle a full grown silver tip bear suddenly arose and confronted him. The only weapon at hand was his lariat, and with visions of juicy bear steak for the boys at supper around the mess wagon that night and a fine rug for the pretty schoolmarm he quickly loosened his rope and threw it. A few turns over the saddle horn, at the same time spurring his horse, and the shock came. It was very severe, for unluckily the bear's fore leg as well as his head was through the loop of the rope. Tom was about to drop the rope like a hot cake when the horse suddenly put his head down and started bucking in true broncho style.

Thomas didn't last long. He suffered when he struck the ground, but he did not linger in the vicinity to ascertain the extent of his injuries. He started for the top of a butte close at hand, and although an indifferent sprinter he managed to make very fair time.

Looking back from his position of comparative safety, he could see that both animals had become entangled in the rope and were having it out in great style, making frantic efforts to free themselves. The rope finally parted, and away they went in opposite directions, or as he expressed it, "They quit the country, hitting only the high spots."—Chicago Record.

Travelers Must Be Content.

In some parts of the southern states, where, happily for them, the people are not in such a ceaseless hurry as people are in the nervous north, no one thinks of exacting punctuality from railroad trains. They take them when they come, and arrive when they get there, and are content.

A fretful Yankee drummer, who, at a country railway station, had been fuming because a train had not arrived an hour after schedule time, received a lesson in patience from an elderly countryman who came in with his gripsack and asked the station master:

"What time do the train fer Savannah git here, boss?"

"Somewhar 'bout nightfall," answered the stationman.

"An what time do she git ter Savannah?"

"Somewhar 'bout mawnin."

Then the countryman, perfectly satisfied with the information, folded his legs in a corner and settled down to an hour or more of philosophical comfort.—Youth's Companion.

A Dramatic Holdup.

Missouri Fireman—Give 'er air, Bill! Stop 'er! We're held up!

Engineer—I see—hist! There's seven of them on this side—

"Wearin masks, too, Bill"—

Robber (with drawn sword)—And dar-r-r-est thou insult me to my beard? Marry! It is more than human that p-r-r-ompts me thus to spare thy insignificance—

Engineer—It's all right; let 'er go!

Fireman—Wh-what is it, Bill?

"Thee-ayter troop, rehearsin for the next town!"

"What're they doin out here in this dense swamp?"

"Tryin to get to the next town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Woman's Argument.

He—You women have no right to the ballot for the simple reason that in case of a war you would not be able to fight.

She—Then why do you allow a man who is crippled to vote?

He—Why—er—if that isn't just like a woman to ask some such fool question as that.—Indianapolis Journal.

Ventilation.

Visitor to Public Institution—Isn't it rather close here? Don't you think there is need of ventilation?

City Father—Ventilation? Great Cæsar! No; there's been altogether too much ventilation of the place already.—Boston Transcript.

THE RENT WAS NOT RAISED.

A Woman Showed Herself Too Smart For Her Landlord.

They met in a street car, and the woman with a golf cape remarked:

"I see you still have the same house."

"Yes, and at the same rent," remarked the woman with the ostrich boa.

"But I thought your landlord had decided to raise it?"

"He did, but somehow I didn't expect to move, though Tom gave up the house at once. You see, I really can't afford to have any more bric-a-brac smashed in moving wagons. I've lost enough already to stock a department store."

"So you have decided not to move?"

"Not quite, dear. You see, I told the landlord that I was sorry to move, but we really couldn't afford a higher rent and that I myself would gladly show the house to intending tenants. Then I set every room in order and waited."

"Well."

"Well, I really thought that the first woman that came would take it. I praised the closets and told her what swell neighbors we had and"—

"But I thought you didn't want to"—

"No, dear, but just as she was leaving I casually mentioned the fact that two persons had died of typhoid fever in the next house above and one two doors below. She seemed somewhat agitated, and when I called out the landlord's address after her she didn't seem much interested."

"But, Maggie, you know that was"—

"Some time ago? Yes, but I never could remember dates, and the people did die."

"Well, did she"—

"Never went near. The bedrooms were too small for the next people, and the next ones were delighted, but thought the rent rather dear. Then I remarked that immediately after luncheon I intended to run around and engage that lovely little house in the next square at a lower rent. They carelessly asked which house, and I noticed that they turned that corner.

"How could you? Well, did she"—

"Well, you know, it was cheaper, and if they had taken our house I should have been obliged to rent that, for it was near enough to have my bric-a-brac carried."

"Your landlord told me that Swellstyles intended to take it."

"They did, but after Mrs. Swellstyles and I had gone over it I said, 'Your children all look so healthy that I think the house will just suit you, but mine, you know, are rather delicate, and the least hint of sewer gas alarms us.' She turned pale, and I knew at once that not even the parlor mantel would induce her to take it."

"And the landlord?"

"Oh, he came around that evening and said that as we were such good tenants he had decided not to raise the rent. Tom was so surprised."

"No wonder," gasped her friend. "This is our stopping place. Come and have a cream soda. I feel faint."—Chicago Tribune.

Napoleon's Red Velvet Coat.

In the center of the other glass case the light falls on a magnificent coat of red velvet embroidered in gold. This was presented to Napoleon when he was first consul by the city of Lyons. A quaint anecdote is attached to it. One morning at St. Helena General Bertrand paid his respects to his exiled master, accompanied by his little granddaughter. "How badly you are dressed, my child!" remarked Napoleon to his juvenile visitor. "But, sire, how can she help it?" replied the general. "Here in St. Helena it is next to impossible to buy anything worth having."

"Wait a moment," said Napoleon to the little girl. "I am going to find you something for a frock." As he spoke he went to a drawer, opened it, took out his own first consul's coat and placed it over the child's shoulders, saying, with a laugh, "Here, this is for you." General Bertrand preserved this gift with the greatest care, and it was from Mme. Thayer that the prince's late father inherited it by her bequest.—London Quiver.

A Dog Habit.

Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you are reminded, you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of today keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and of course the animal has no notion why he does it.—New York Times.

Pigeons.

It has been found that pigeons bred in a long low barn fetch a higher price for shooting matches. The birds from early habit, learned in their nesting place, when loosed from the trap start immediately on a long, low flight, instead of wheeling in air, as some pigeons do. The habit makes them more difficult to hit than other birds and enhances their value.

Not Impressed.

"How did Ohltimer like the act of the lion tamer?" asked the circus proprietor.

"He was bored to death. You see, he used to be the manager of an opera company with three prima donnas in it."—Washington Star.

Pittsburg was originally Fort du Quesne, then became Fort Pitt, in honor of the great British premier. The Delaware Indians called the place Menachsink, the walled place. The Senecas called it Deundaga, the forks of the stream.

CELLULOID FASHION PLATES.

You Can Fill Them In With a Background of Real Cloth.

One of the cleverest emanations of the fertile Yankee brain which has been put upon the market recently is a set of fashion plates for tailors. These plates are printed upon sheets of celluloid. Each sheet is 19½ inches long and 7½ inches wide. Before the prints are made these sheets are as transparent as glass.

There are six sheets in a set. Upon one is a print of a fashionable pair of trousers, and upon the others full length figures of men dressed in the accepted style of clothing. One print shows the single breasted sack suit, another the double breasted sack suit, another the regulation three button cutaway suit, another the one button cutaway suit for stout men, and the last a fashionable overcoat. In each figure the print is of a man, and he is hatted and gloved and provided in some with a cane.

The prints seem to be made at first in black outline, with all the proper shades to show the creases and folds as they should be in well fitting garments. All the parts of the figures except the garment or garments which each print is to display particularly are then filled in with appropriate colors, and the background around the figures is filled in solidly with gold bronze.

Looked at casually, one does not discover the peculiarity of the plates at once. Hold one up to the light, and it will be seen that the parts devoted to garments are as clear as glass, except for the light shading which indicates folds or creases. Lay one of them over a piece of cloth, and the use of the plates becomes manifest at a glance. The texture of the cloth shows through clearly, and the figure appears to be clothed in perfect fitting garments of the underlying material.

Do you wonder how a suit, an overcoat or a pair of trousers of some certain cloth would appear when made up, you place a plate over it, and, lo, there is the garment in all its perfection. That is the purpose of the novel fashion plates.—New York Sun.

AN ODD WATERING TROUGH.

Whole Generations of Biddies Got Drink From an Indian Mortar.

The noise made by an Indian woman pounding corn in a rock mortar enabled the brave old fighter, Colonel Benjamin Church, to secure the person of Annawan, the right hand man of King Philip, in 1676. There is hardly a town included in the Nipmuc country but has one or more of these crude mills of the red men. Grafton or Haranamisco holds an immense one on the borders of Kitville, not far from the last settlement of that tribe and near the battlefield on Keith hill, where Philip's men came to grief. There were certain places resorted to by the Indians for growing their corn, and as far as my knowledge extends they were usually on the hillsides.

Some of the small mortars have no doubt been removed from their original places, but others remain where they were used, fixed as the enduring hills. The soapstone vessels used by the Nipmucs are of various sizes and have been numerously found in Millbury and Sutton. Along the streams, in clefts of rocks and on the highest points of land they have been unearthed, many broken and others in perfect condition. I have in mind one which lies in the western part of Millbury, weighing perhaps 75 pounds and within 50 rods of Ramshorn stream. All that is known of its history is that the occupants of the farm had for generations used it as a watering trough for hens.—Worcester Gazette.

Hiram Powers' Birthplace.

As beautiful in its small way as any foreign ruin is the birthplace of Hiram Powers, America's first great sculptor. Unlike the relics of prehistoric America, it is a "civilized ruin," which shows that young America is growing old. Nestling among the verdant hills of Woodstock, Vt., a ruined foundation and a great chimney, overgrown with wild grape vines, which have also climbed to the top of the old balsam tree that once shaded the homestead doorway, mark the site of "the old Hiram Powers place." It overlooks one of Vermont's most fertile valleys and the winding Ottaqueechee, on the other side of which the imaginative genius of the boy Powers was wont to see the white and glistening form of a beautiful woman, which he repeatedly tried to reach and which in later years he materialized in his "Greek Slave."—Boston Commonwealth.

Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo was equally great as painter, sculptor and architect. In order to paint figures properly he devoted 12 years to the study of anatomy alone. His monument to Pope Julius II was on so grand a scale that the Church of St. Peter in Rome was altered with a view to affording a suitable place for its reception. The tomb was afterward modified in plan and placed in another church. His "Last Judgment" required seven years to execute and was finished when the artist was nearly 68. A few weeks before his death the aged artist was met one day in the street walking through the snow with great difficulty. When asked where he was going, he replied, "To school to try and learn something."

The Childish Voice Too Much.

A good story is told of Signor Foli, the famous basso. Once upon a time he was singing "The Raft," when a childish voice from somewhere in the stalls suddenly piped in and attempted to organize an impromptu duet. Unfortunately the next line of the song was: "Hark! What sound is that which breaks upon mine ear?" This so tickled the fancy of the great vocalist that he burst into a hearty fit of laughter and left the platform, followed by the pianist. Twice they came back and attempted the song, and finally they had to give it up in despair, much to the amusement of the audience.

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THE BUTCHER BIRD.

HE KILLS FOR PLEASURE AND PUTS HIS VICTIMS OUT TO DRY.

He Hangs Snakes, Birds and Chipmunks on Thorn Bushes—A Veritable Terror of the Woods—A Born Thief as Well as Murderer—The Half Breed Idea.

No bird native to this country is so little known and surely none has such striking habits of life as the shrike, or butcher bird. He is a member of a family comprising some 200 species, of which only one well defined subfamily is resident in North America. Bold, daring, handsome, he is at once the braggart and the beau of the woods. At a little distance a southerner would readily mistake him for the mocking bird.

His bluish gray plumage, tail tipped with white and broad black patch across each eye give him a trim, jaunty air quite pleasing to the eye, but, alas, a dreaded object to smaller and weaker birds. His habitat is northern North America, and though he breeds in the high ground of New England and New York he grows more common after the Canadian line is crossed.

The shrike is a born tyrant. Not content with killing and devouring all insects large enough to attract his fancy, he attacks snakes, moles, mice and small birds whenever opportunity offers. His disposition is as unlovable at home as abroad, for seldom are two or more seen together but they are engaged in an ugly family quarrel. They are truly carnivorous, and except for certain weaknesses of bone and muscle would rank as true birds of prey.

There is one strange, uncanny characteristic, however, which separates this woodland bully from all known birds. Naturalists have watched it, studied it, pondered over it and written long pages of inexplicable explanations of it, and common people have doubted in their superstition or ignorance whether it was the doing of a bird or a demon in bird form. Today it remains as deep a mystery as it was 100 years ago.

This is the puzzle: The butcher bird in his riotous love of killing slays many more victims than he has any possible use for. He seems to do it for the mere fun of the thing. Instead of leaving the dead, however, he carries them one by one to some thorny hedge or tree and there impales them in all sorts of fantastic positions in the branches. It gives one a start to come out of a piece of woods when gunning and see a thorn tree laden with a ghastly crop of locusts, toads, sparrows, grass snakes, lizards and chipmunks.

If the shrike ever returned to feed upon his grim hoard, there would be an explanation of his conduct, and he would be credited with the epicurean taste of a thoroughbred vulture who likes things "a bit gamy." But such is not the case. The weird fruit hangs for days upon the limbs, and if hawks or crows do not find and steal it it will rot until only a few tiny white skeletons remain to tell of the massacre.

Comparatively few dwellers in the backwoods know this eccentricity of the butcher bird, and hence arise many curious and apparently well authenticated stories of trees that catch birds in their branches and of storms that rained down toads and lizards, so that the trees were full of them.

The butcher bird is a born thief as well as a murderer and often meets his death while hopelessly endeavoring to kill and carry off a tame pet bird from a cage or to rob a hunter's cabin of fresh meat. Any tidbit he finds he will steal, even if only to suspend it from a locust bough hard by. The Canadian fur traders and trappers despise him heartily and never lose a chance to kill him. The half breeds call him "Whisky Joe" and claim he is half drunk all the time, and hence does these foolish things.

He will spy out the most carefully hidden trap and always manage to purloin the bait without being caught. The wild country north of the great lakes is a favorite haunt of these butchers, and the Indians who hunt and sell furs to the Hudson Bay company complain bitterly of the depredations of "Whisky Joe."

The shrike builds a bulky, somewhat elaborate nest of heavy sticks below, and upon this foundation a warm covering of bark, leaves and grass is laid. It is usually in some low tree, and the eggs, which are somewhat smaller than a pigeon's, are decidedly pretty. They are of a grayish green mottled, specked and scratched with reddish brown. The young nestlings begin their education by wrangling and fighting as soon as hatched, in which amiable diversion their fond parents set them striking and perpetual examples.—New York World.

A Will on a Canceled Bond.

John Morris, who died in this city leaving an estate valued at $2,800, had written the following upon the back of a canceled bond of the Milestown Building and Loan association, No. 5, which expired April 7, 1889. It was taken as expressing his testamentary desire and was probated accordingly after proper identification:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1894.

This shall be found, Sallie, when I am gone, and, mamma, I shall leave all to you, and you, mamma, shall be a Jardian over Annie, and if the boys helph you through at youre death let what is left be eqel dived among them. It won't be long before they will mis me.

JOHN MORRIS.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Good Idea.

"Yesterday," said Ixe, the painter, "I discovered a very simple method of avoiding payment of tips at the restaurant. When the bill is presented, I pay the exact amount and nothing more. The waiter looks daggers. Then I get up and say:

"'My compliments; your establishment is very well managed. I have made a capital dinner.'

"Pretend to take him for the landlord, d'ye see?"—Petit Parisien.

THIS GOAT SMOKES.

He Prefers a Clear Havana, but Comes Down to Cigarettes if He Has To.

A billygoat that smokes cigars and cigarettes, just like a man, is in the possession of Charles Reber, at 120 Krauss street, Carondelet. The goat has a 12 year growth of horns and whiskers of about the same age waving gracefully and odorously from his chin. After a hearty feast upon tin, tacks, rags, paper and anything else in sight Billie, as he is called, takes his siesta. Unless a cigar or cigarette is provided the after meal enjoyment is all broken up for Billie, and he bleats continually until provided with a smoke.

No ardent lover of the fragrant weed pulls at a cigar with more relish than this goat. A complacent smile curls his upper lip when the lighted weed is placed in his mouth, and the right fore foot makes motions toward the whiskers as though to stroke them. But Billie is no ordinary smoker, nor is he unskilled in the habit. He is not only a connoisseur of the best clear Havana goods, but is an adept at fast puffing and graceful manipulation of the weed while in his mouth. The smoke is never puffed out of his mouth. Billie inhales it and blows it out through his nostrils in great clouds. It is related that he attempted to make a smoke ring once, but in puckering up his lips swallowed the cigar, blaze and all. He evidently relished the bite as a dainty morsel, for since that incident he never takes more than one or two puffs at a cigar or cigarette, swallows it down, then blows the smoke out of his nostrils with the ease and grace that would put to shame a two legged cigarette fiend.

It is only of late that Billie has taken to the cigarette habit. It was apparently with much regret that a brother goat in an adjoining yard watched him tackle the papers. He prefers cigars, as a rule, however, but when nothing better is to be had a cigarette is welcome.

Charles Reber, the owner of the goat, notices his growing fondness for cigarettes with much alarm. "With a cigar in his mouth," remarked Mr. Reber, "he looks like the full grown, 12-year-old, 160 pound goat he is, but when he wants to dude up with a cute little cigarette it spoils his handsome cast of countenance." Mr. Reber is very solicitous for the welfare of his animal and has great expectations that the cigarette crusade now on in the city will be carried into the animal kingdom and save his goat from the grave of a confirmed cigarette fiend.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FOOLING WITH MOONSHINERS.

Only One of the United States Deputy Marshals Came Back Whole.

It was known in the United States marshal's office at Nashville that wildcat whisky was coming down the Cumberland river. The marshal was new in office, and therefore was determined to do his duty, which, of course, was to see that the illicit distilleries, no matter how remote, should be destroyed, and that the distillers should be brought to justice. His predecessor in office had been likewise determined and had sent brave men to the mountains, but whisky had continued to come down the Cumberland river. The present marshal, Captain Hayes, an old Confederate officer, said that he thought that when the boys found out that he really wanted them to quit they would do so. He understood them, he knew their natures, their impulsiveness and their disposition to yield to persuasion. So he sent a deputy and four men to tell the boys to quit. One night about a week later some one rang the doorbell, and the marshal himself went to the door.

"Why," said he, "have you got back, Caney?"

Caney answered, "Yes, just about."

"Where is the deputy marshal?"

"Well, he's back too."

"Why didn't he come around?"

"Well, I 'lowed that his folks needed him more than you did, so I unloaded him there."

"What, you don't mean that he's hurt?"

"No, not hurt now, but he was. He's dead at present. I'm the only one that got back whole."

"Well, I declare! Didn't you tell those boys that I wanted them to quit their foolishness?"

"Yes, and they must have been hard of hearing, for they kept on a-shootin."—Opie Read.

Torture.

Colonel Poldowiczi (of the Russian police)—Has the prisonerski confessed?

Sergeant Scwisesi—No, your highnessovich. We have beatenski him with our clubs, cut off one of his earsovitch, burned the soles of his feetski with hot ironskoff and tried the thumb screwovich on him, but he absolutely refuses to confesski.

Colonel Poldowiczi (sternly)—Then, as a last resortski, try the effect of a recitationskoff by a young lady elocutionistovich.

Nihilist Prisoner (screaming)—Have mercy! I confess, I confess!—London Tit-Bits.

Why He Quit.

One of Milwaukee's big brewers was a law student in Judge Hubbell's office many years ago. Horatio Seymour came into the office one day and said to the youth as he sat reading: "Keep at it, my boy. Read and study, study and read—that's the way only to become a lawyer. I read and studied law 17 years before I felt competent to try a case." "Well, that settles it," said the youthful student. "If it took you 17 years to learn the business, Governor Seymour, I'll quit right now before I waste any more time."—New York World.

The Chemung river, in New York, was named by the Indians Chemung, "Horn In the Water," from the enormous fossil horns that were found in its bed.

Six veterans of Waterloo are still living in France, 14 in England and three in the United States.

SHERIFF REDGRAVE.

STORIES OF A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH COLUMBIAN.

The Gloomy Anniversary of His Friend's Death—How the Bear Returned a Bullet—The Sheriff Isn't a Doctor, but He Stamped Out a Smallpox Epidemic.

Lying in the picturesque valley of the Columbia river in British Columbia, with the Selkirk mountains on one side and the Rocky mountains on the other, is the town of Donald, on the Canadian Pacific railroad. It used to be known as a "wide open town," but it is now a sedate little place of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. It is the meeting place of divisions of the railroad, and from that reason takes on a commercial importance that other towns of the same size along the railroad lack. It also has an added importance from the fact that it is the home of Sheriff Redgrave, the chief official of all that country around for a great distance.

Sheriff Redgrave is a distinguished man not only because he holds the chief office thereabouts for many miles, but because he has a notable past. He has had many fierce campaigns with the Indians, has fought his full share of deadly duels with desperadoes, has "dropped" his man on more than one occasion, knows what roughing it means in a country the wildest of the wild, and for years before such a thing as a railroad was thought of in that country was a marked man.

Sheriff Redgrave is always amiable and almost always cheerful. Once a year, however, he is manifestly troubled and downcast. It is a custom in Donald on these occasions to wait until a goodly collection of citizens have arrived, and then this conversation usually ensues:

"Good morning, sheriff. You seem a little troubled this morning. You look blue. Nothing gone wrong, has there?" some one will say, and the sheriff will make this response:

"Oh, no," with an apparent effort to throw off his careworn look, "nothing is the matter, but the fact is this is the anniversary of a very sad day with me, and I never can shake off its remembrance."

"Indeed?" some one will say, and at that invitation the sheriff will tell this story of an eventful day in his career, one that annually fills his soul with sadness:

"It was just 30 years ago today that I was up in the Caribou country with the dearest friend I ever had. He was a noble fellow, one that I would have gladly given my life to any day were there occasion to do so. We were walking through a gorge one afternoon, and by a lamentable oversight had only one gun with us. My friend had that. Suddenly we came face to face with an enormous grizzly bear, one of the old time bears, tremendous fellows, such as we used to have in these mountains. The bear was angry, and I think had been stung by some bees. He showed fight, and I saw at a glance that it was either his life or one or perhaps both of ours. He came right for us, roaring and determined to kill us.

"My friend was a nervous man, and I could see that he was a little frightened. Now, you know that I never lose my nerve, and so I said to him that I thought he had better give me the gun and let me kill the bear, so as to make sure of the job. He agreed and seemed to be glad to have the responsibility off his hands. The bear came straight for us, and I took deliberate aim. He had his mouth open, and I aimed to shoot him there and let the bullet penetrate the brain, and thus make a neat job of it. When the bear was about ten paces off, I pulled the trigger. That bullet went straight to its mark, of course, but do you know, just as it struck the bear in the mouth, that animal for some reason or other turned on his heels. The bullet passed through his head, and the bear, turning just as it was passing through, deflected the bullet, so that it flew back to us and killed my friend instantly by my side. Yes, this is always a very sad day with me, and I am sure you will excuse me if I don't show my accustomed cheerfulness."

Sheriff Redgrave has another thrilling experience that he relates occasionally, and it illustrates his fertility of resource in time of great emergency and reveals to some extent the reasons for his popularity and advancement in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He was up in the Caribou country many years ago and stumbled into a camp of Indians where there was an epidemic of smallpox raging. It would never do for him to return home after having been exposed to that contagion, and it also was incumbent on him as a man with a sympathetic heart to try to stamp out the terrible disease. He and his friend pondered over the situation for a long time, and at last a plan came to them.

"How do you suppose we stamped that smallpox out?" the sheriff says as he tells the story.

"Well, it was this way. Neither of us had any medical education, and if we had it wouldn't have done any good, for we had no remedies with us, and it would have been impossible to make those Indians take any medicine. What do you think we did? We just rounded up all the Indians that had the disease, and when we were sure that we had every one of them and had burned all their effects we buried all the Indians up to their necks in the ground and left them there for the night. The next morning we came around to see how they were getting along, and—would you believe it?—the wolves had come during the night and had eaten off the heads of every one of those Indians. That stamped out the epidemic in that whole section, and to this day there has never been a case of smallpox there. It was rather rough treatment, but ever since then that tribe of Indians have been among my very best friends."—New York Sun.

If you have a good impulse, act upon it before it leaves you.

OLD HICKORY'S WAYS.

Two Characteristic Stories of Jackson's Bluntness When He Was President.

General Armstrong, assistant commissioner of Indian affairs, thinks that Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest men this country ever produced and has a number of stories which were told him by his uncle, who was an intimate friend of Old Hickory. One of them is very characteristic of the man.

Lewis Cass, secretary of war, was over at the White House one day with some important papers for the president to sign, among them being a court martial findings.

"Cass, what is this?" inquired Jackson as he was about to write his name to the document.

"It is a court martial," answered Cass.

"What have I to do with it?" asked the president.

"It dismisses an officer from the service, and the president must sign such orders."

Jackson toyed with the paper and said musingly: "Dismisses him from the army, eh? Why?"

"Drunkenness; getting drunk and falling down on parade or something of that kind," answered the secretary.

"Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson.

"General Scott," answered Cass.

"Who is it?" inquired the president, with more interest.

"Inspector General Kraun," replied Cass.

"What!" shouted Jackson. "My old friend Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper says."

The secretary read the usual form of the court martial sentence in such cases. The president then took the paper and wrote across the bottom where he was about to sign his name:

"The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank."

He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass and said, with his usual vehemence:

"By the Eternal, Cass, when you and Scott serve your country as well as that man has you can get drunk on duty every day."

A young man from Tennessee, son of a friend of General Jackson's, came to Washington for a place. He looked about and found what he wanted. It was in the war department and filled by a very efficient Whig, whom Secretary Cass would not remove. The young man told Jackson the situation, and Cass was sent for.

"Cass," said the president, "this young man, son of my old friend, says you have got a place in the war department filled by a Whig which you won't give him."

Secretary Cass explained that the duties of the office were of a peculiar kind, and he could get no one to fill the place if the man now in it should be removed. Jackson flared up.

"By the Eternal, Cass, do you mean to tell me you have an office in your department filled by a Whig which can't be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish the office!"

The young man got his place.—Washington Post.

ANOTHER DELUGE.

The Boy Believed In God's Promise, but Was a Bit Scared.

Boys—that is, small boys—have queer ideas in their little heads, often finding expression in unique speech. That they are truthful, or at least intend to be so, goes without saying. During the recent local flood a little boy about 6 years old stood at the window watching the rain as it rained. It seemed to him that he had never seen anything like it; had never in his brief experience noticed such strong indications of a regular old fashioned flood. Finally he confided his fears to his mother, asking if she didn't think that God was going to drown out the world again.

Here was the golden opportunity for impressing upon the mind of confiding childhood the teachings of the Bible. So she said calmly, "Don't you remember, Archibald, that you learned in Sunday school that God promised that he wouldn't drown the world again?" The little fellow watched the increasing rain a moment in silence while he pondered earnestly on the momentous question. "Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I s'pose I've got to believe what God says, but—but"—and he shut his lips hard—"but this is a devil of a shower."—Stillwater (Minn.) Gazette.

Cardinal Gibbons on Suffrage.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent sermon at the Baltimore cathedral, said on the question of woman suffrage:

The church follows the teachings of St. Paul, that woman is equal to man, when he declares that God makes no distinction as to nationality, race or sex. It seems to me fearful to contemplate what would have been the condition of society today if it had not been for the restraining, sanctifying and purifying influence of woman. Woman does not today exercise the right of suffrage. She cannot vote, and I am heartily glad of it. I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right is granted her I hope she will regret it, even though there are some misguided women who think they want it. Rest assured, if woman entered politics, she would be sure to carry away with her some of the mud and dirt of the political contact. She, too, would lose some of the influence which she now exerts.

The "Isle of Woman."

For ten years, if not longer, women have had the right of voting in the isle of Man. Married women do not vote, but widows and spinsters, being householders and property holders, can, and they do. "When an election takes place for the house of keys, or the school board, or the town commission, lady voters are escorted in carriages by the canvassers to the voting places, and for the time the isle of Man might be called the 'isle of Woman.'"

HEART OF NAPOLEON.

IT WAS SYMPATHETIC AND GUIDED A POETIC NATURE.

He Was Kind and Considerate as He Was Brave—Recent Testimony For This Side of the Great Soldier's Character, Which Has Not Always Been Recognized.

Speaking of Napoleon's boyhood, one who knows whereof he speaks says: "In his school days the 'grand homme' gave many indications of the very qualities which procured for him the splendid success which has brought him everlasting fame. His love of discipline, order and power was shown by the manner in which he controlled his schoolmates and constituted himself their leader, teaching them the art of war in mimic battles, constructing forts and battlements of snow in the playground in which many a fierce engagement was fought and won, with snowballs for cannon balls and ice pellets for shot. It is recorded that he undertook to reform the laxity of the college rules and regulations by addressing a letter to the junior master, indicating a system that would do away with the abuses, and that he applied these same rules afterward to the schools of Fontainebleau, Saint Cyr and Saint Germain." According to a recent writer, on one occasion he was directing a performance of the tragedy of Cæsar's death when the wife of the college porter endeavored to force her way into the assembly on the strength of her position, but Napoleon made short work of her. "Remove this woman," he cried, "who brings into our midst the license of the camp," an order instantly obeyed by his colleagues, much, it may be supposed, to the discomfiture of the good woman.

That Napoleon was at heart a great poet there can be no doubt. Mme. Remusat relates that he was a lover of Ossian, was fond of the twilight and melancholy music. The murmur of the wind enraptured him, and he would dilate enthusiastically on the moaning of the sea and the wild beauty of the tempest. His powerful imagination sought to grasp the unseen. He would sometimes amuse himself, while passing the evening in Josephine's drawing room, by telling or listening to ghost stories while the candles were shaded and the singers present executed music of a low, sweet, weird description to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. Doubtless this gift of a subtle imagination led Napoleon to suspect where it was unnecessary and look for a motive in every action of those around him. He believed all men liars until he proved them otherwise. He used to relate the story with great gusto that when he was a child one of his uncles predicted of him that he would govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. Of M. de Metternich he once said, "He approaches to being a statesman, he lies so well!"

Napoleon's life is an unending source of inspiration to the painter. David, Vernet, Scheffer, Steube and a host of others of his time have bequeathed to us some of the great battles and incidents of his career on undying canvas. To each picture is attached some interesting story. During the Italian campaign Napoleon was one night surveying the battlefield of Bassano; the moon illumined the sad scene of carnage; no sound disturbed the deep silence save the feeble groans of the dying and the moans of the wounded. Suddenly a dog crept forward from a dead body over which he was keeping watch; the poor animal retreated to his lifeless master, and then again, as though reluctant to abandon his efforts of reviving him, yet desirous of avenging his death.

Napoleon was deeply touched by the faithful friendship of the animal, who would not forsake his master like his human friends. "What a lesson for man!" cried Napoleon as he gazed on the pathetic spectacle. So strong was the impression made on his mind by that midnight episode of the battlefield that after 25 years he related it when banished to the rock of St. Helena.

Another instance of his real tenderness for the suffering and oppressed was during his Egyptian campaign. A poor fellah had been murdered by a tribe of Arabs who had entered with an armed band into a village and driven off the herds. Napoleon immediately commanded that a company of dromedaries and horsemen should go in pursuit of the guilty party. One of the sheiks, surprised at the indignation of the emperor, observed that it would not be wise for him to embroil himself with the Arabs, a dangerous people, for the sake of a miserable fellah. "Was he, then, thy cousin?" queried the sheik. "More than that," cried Napoleon, with vehemence, "all those whom I command are my children!"

Again, at the plague of Jaffa, Napoleon visited the hospital and endeavored to console the poor dying soldiers. Gros has attempted to convey an idea of this scene in his great painting of "The Plague of Jaffa," wherein he represents Napoleon touching the eruption of a soldier afflicted with the disease, an act no doubt prompted by his desire to inspire courage in those not afflicted as well as to evince his sympathy with the sufferings of his poor soldiers.—Exchange.

Ping-Yang.

Ping-Yang, in northern Korea, was the first "literary center" in the Peninsular Kingdom. Its chief author was an ancestor of Confucius named Kishi, who, gathering up his writing materials and leaving China in 1122 B. C., emigrated eastward into Korean regions. His name is greatly venerated, and many tablets still exist in his honor in the northern parts of Korea.—New York Tribune.

The barefoot cure receives unqualified indorsement in the Scottish highlands, where it is said dwell the healthiest children in the world. They seldom wear shoes before they are 12 years of age.

FOOLED THE POLICEMEN.

Two Jokers In a Lofty Perch Finally Outwit Patient Bluecoats.

Two young men, supposedly in a spirit of mischief, climbed up a big pole of the Bell Telephone company on Naudian street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second, before daylight and established themselves in the "crow's nest" just below the first of the wire bearing crossbars on a recent morning. There they sat and sang songs until a passing milkman called up and asked what they were doing.

"Oh, ask of the man in the moon," warbled one, and the other said that they were hunting for the milky way. The milkman left in disgust and notified a policeman of the Fifth district that a pair of nuisances were holding forth "in a cage on a pole." The policeman summoned a brother patrolman, and the two went to the place designated, where the jokers had changed their programme and remained as silent as the grave.

"Come down!" demanded the policeman, but he received no answer. "If you don't, we'll come up and bring you down."

"Then we'll push dem cops away," responded the singer up the pole.

The threat was too much for the bluecoats, so they replied that they would wait below until the men got tired of being up in the air and came down of their own accord. They were answered with a laugh, but sat down on the curbstone and chewed tobacco. A crowd collected, and the men up above entertained it with making jokes at the expense of the patient guardians of the peace. The crowd was augmented by hundreds of people on their way to work, who stood and watched the strange spectacle until their necks got kinks in them. The entertainers meanwhile were not idle and rewarded their sightseers with a variety of funny performances in their elevated and confined quarters.

The wires and door of the box that contains the head cable came in for a good share of their attention, and they rattled and banged to their hearts' content. Finally they got tired and began to descend. The policemen grinned expectantly and the crowd was breathless with interest.

"You're coming down, are you?" shouted the policemen derisively, but the men made no response. Suddenly the lower one, when about ten feet above the roof of the adjacent house, made a spring and landed on the roof in safety. The other one followed suit before the people below could say a word. There they poked their heads over the eaves and shouted:

"Yah, hah! Did we come down?"

Then they disappeared and have not been seen since. Where they went is a mystery.—Philadelphia Times.

NEEDED DIETING.

An Attenuated Horse That Excited an Officer's Unnecessary Sympathy.

A South Chicago policeman came across an attenuated sorrel horse tied to a hitching post the other day. He waited a few minutes until the owner arrived and then said:

"Why don't you feed your horse something? I'd wager that he hasn't seen an oat since he was a colt. Do you feed him on the photograph of a bale of hay?"

"Mr. Officer, you don't know that horse, or you wouldn't talk that way."

"I don't know the horse, but I know that you ought to be run in for working a starved beast like that. It's a case for the S. P. C. A. Do you weigh out his food to him on an apothecary's scales?"

"Officer, before you say any more do me a favor. Get in that buggy and drive around a block, and when you come back here tell me what to feed him. I'll do whatever you say."

The policeman got into the buggy and started off. He thought he was in a merry go round driven by cyclone power. He braced his feet against the dashboard and hung on to the reins until his wrists cracked and there was a shower of heels all over the road. The buggy slewed around corners on one wheel, and when the horse finally landed up against the hitching post with its front legs over the shafts the officer was so dazed that he couldn't speak for a minute.

"Well," queried the owner, "what do you think I'd better feed the horse?"

"If I owned him," answered the policeman sternly, "I'd feed him on some good reliable anæsthetic."—Chicago Tribune.

Race Misalliances.

The German servant girl in Chicago who has married an Americanized Chinese may not regret her act, as the Celestial is usually said to make a kind husband. Girls of her class usually make marriages of this sort to secure an easy life, and as they are not sensitive, they manage to escape the moral suffering that falls to the lot of better bred woman who make a misalliance. Probably the worst victims of ill assorted marriages in the United States are the girls of good family who have married Indians. In every case such girls have endured misery and shame and have finally appealed to the divorce courts for freedom.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Libeled.

A good story is told of a lady who, on her way to an evening party, purchased a most unbecoming yellow turban, which caused her to be for some time an object of merriment to the whole room, owing to the fact of the shopkeeper from whom she had bought it having forgotten to remove from behind it a large ticket bearing the printed inscription: "Very chaste. Only 5s. 11½d."—London Quiver.

A Burglary.

Tom—Pills, the druggist, tells me that burglars entered his store the other night and stole $15 worth of perfume. Too bad, wasn't it?

Jerry—I should say so. Have they put the detectives on the scent?—New York World.

LOST AND SPOILED MONEY.

The Bank of England Makes a Big Profit on Her Notes.

Bank notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the 40 years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank.

In many instances, however, it is possible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to be lost or stolen, together with a small fee and a full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then "stopped"—that is, if the document should be presented for payment, the person "stopping" the note is informed when and to whom it is paid. If presented, after having been "stopped," by any suspicious looking person, and not through a banker, one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession. It is quite a mistaken idea that "stopped payment" of a bank note has the effect supposed by very many people. It simply means that the Bank of England carefully keeps a lookout for the note which has been "stopped," and, though it cannot refuse to pay such note immediately on its being presented, a notification would at once be made to the person who stopped it, and the bank would give all the assistance in its power to enable the loser to recover the amount.

In the case of a bank note having been, say, burned by mistake, if the number is known and notice sent to the Bank of England it will pay the amount after an interval of five years from the date of lodging notice of destruction should no one have presented the note for payment in the meantime. The bank in such cases also insists on a guarantee being given by a banker or two householders that it shall be repaid in the event of the document turning up and being again tendered for payment. It is not at all an unusual circumstance for a mutilated note to be presented for payment, burned perhaps half through, with marks of burning on the fringes. Nor is the damage always accidental. The men who indulge in the luxury of lighting their pipes with a bank note are not always, as some may think, millionaires or recognized lunatics of society. The spoiled notes are more often than not presented by workmen or laborers, who confess without hesitation that they have intentionally lighted their pipes with them from mere braggadocio.—Ashton (England) Reporter.

An Anecdote of Perier.

Once during the schooldays of the president of the French republic his professor in geography asked him, "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambier group." Casimir-Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very perplexed. One of his neighbors whispered to him the wrong answer, whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishment of Tahiti, and after a short pause, and with a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world. It was through his efforts and entreaties that the dusky queen of these islands was induced to come to France, and the men of my generation still remember the comical songs which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably, but, holding his head still higher, answered the professor with his quick and peculiar diction, "I will most certainly go over this lesson again and try to be more proficient at the next lecture; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather go, they are so numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Parisian Industry.

A Paris correspondent describes one of the oddest industries of that city to be found in a little shop in the Rue des Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the secondhand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the state and come half way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new, they cost $9; when sold secondhand, they realize the modest sum of 50 cents, but as at least 6,000 pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers, for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV heel.

His Favorite Color.

Old Mr. Kerr-Muggeon, who agrees with George II in hating "poetry and painting," and who is never agreeable except when he is smoking, was engaged in this favorite amusement on his doorstep when Mrs. Gusscher passed.

"Oh, Mr. Kerr-Muggeon," she said, "I am glad to see you enjoying the beauties of nature!"

"Heh? What d'ye mean?" asked Mr. Kerr-Muggeon.

"Why, weren't you looking at the sunset?"

"The sunset! Well, no, not just exactly. But, now that you mention it, it does look fine, doesn't it? Looks a good deal like a meerschaum pipe just after it's begun to color!"—Youth's Companion.

An old Dutch legend says that Thomas a Becket cursed the Kentishmen of England, who spitefully cut off his horse's tail, and that the entire generation of Kent which followed wore tails like horses.

From a grain of sand barely visible to the naked eye 1,000 miles of quartz thread may be spun.

MAN EATERS OF THE PACIFIC.

Sharks That Are the Dread of the California Fishermen.

The true man eater shark as taken on the Pacific coast is known only as a man eater. The shovel nosed sharks are sand sharks, too cowardly to attack even a yellow dog. The 34 foot shark captured by some fishermen of the true man eater variety (Carcharodon carcharias) seemed brave enough and savage enough to attack anything within its reach. This monster's mouth was wide, the teeth long and sharp, with an inward incline. The stomach would hold a full grown man easily and a good deal besides. The fish became entangled in a net off Point Lama. Two boats attacked the vicious creature and finally succeeded in punching an iron into its vitals. The side of one boat was staved in by a blow forcible enough to knock one fisherman overboard.

These sharks have been known to attack a small boat, upset it and eat the oarsman. A man eater over 42 feet long has been reported below San Diego. The natives are said to live in fear of this awful fish, which already has the record of having eaten six men. It has been shot frequently. The water about it has been discolored with blood. Yet the shark still lives. The tiger shark is as ferocious as the man eater. Another large shark hereabouts is the basking shark. It is taken measuring 15 to 40 feet in length. The skin of one 32 feet long is at Stanford University museum. This skin alone weighs over 1,500 pounds, while the shark's liver produced 180 gallons of oil. These sharks, however, are sluggish, lazy and do not bite people. Their gill rakers are on the whale model. When entangled in a net, they frequently suffocate, as the net restricts the gills.

California fishermen do not consider five foot sharks of much account when from San Diego wharves black sea bass are caught six to eight feet long weighing 300 to 500 pounds. Such fish are common. They are taken on shark hooks and clotheslines. When hooked, the fish is allowed to swim about the bay towing a two inch plank. When he is exhausted, the line is hauled in, and the fish killed with an ax.—New York Tribune.

THE HUMAN LEG.

Scientific Prediction That It Will Deteriorate Greatly In Future Generations.

Our Paris correspondent writes: A French caricaturist has been showing us what cyclists will come to in a few generations. The future "veloce man" is from the hips up like the definition of a line—length, without breadth. Below the belt he is swollen out with hard flesh and muscles, and the calves are monstrously big. Professor Yung of the Geneva university, on the other hand, believes that the time is coming when human beings will have no legs to speak of. What with cycling, the great end of civilization now seems to be to enable us to move about without using feet and legs. It is fast getting on to electrical hackney coaches and rudder balloons. The tendency is to throw all the muscular activity into the hands and arms. Professor Yung believes that the future human creature will have the merest survivals of nether limbs and arms of great length.

Teeth will probably be dwarfed also by the constant use of soft foods that need not be chewed, but as the march of intellect will increase in pace the brain will develop. Of course the standards of beauty with these anatomical changes will alter. When they do, a person with a set of teeth such as would now excite the admiration of a dentist would almost seem a beast of prey.—London News.

Chinese Teahouses.

The restaurant, or teahouse, in China takes the place of the western clubroom. All the current news and gossip are here circulated and discussed over their eating or gambling. One of their games of chance, which we have frequently noticed, seems to consist in throwing their fingers at one another and shouting at the top of their voices. It is really a matching of numbers, for which the Chinamen make signs on their fingers up to the numeral ten.

The Chinese of all nations seem to live in order to eat, and from this race of epicures has developed a nation of excellent cooks. Our fare in China, outside the Gobi district, was far better than in Turkey or Persia, and for this reason we are better able to endure the increased hardships. A plate of sliced meat stewed with vegetables and served with a piquant sauce, sliced radishes and onions, with vinegar, two loaves of Chinese mo-mo, or steamed bread, and a pot of tea would usually cost us about 8¼ cents apiece. Everything in China is sliced so that it can be eaten with the chopsticks. These we at length learned to manipulate with sufficient dexterity to pick up a dove's egg, the highest attainment in the chopstick art. The Chinese have rather a sour than a sweet tooth. Sugar is rarely used in anything, and never in tea. The steeped tea flowers, which the higher classes use, are really more tasty without it.—Century.

A Town With No Lawyers.

In the town of Oberweisenthal, in Saxony, disputes between the inhabitants are so rare that there is no room for a lawyer. A Leipsic merchant, who applied to the tribunal at Oberweisenthal for the address of a counsel, received the following reply, "We have the honor to inform you that there is no advocate here, but the barber, Fritz Biel, represents the interests of litigants in civil cases."

To tell mushrooms from toadstools, without eating and waiting for results, peel an onion and put it with the fungi while being cooked. If the onion remains white, eat with confidence; if it turns black, eat it not, if you value life.

Statistics prove that not less than 8,200 babies are born every day on United States soil.

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MAN AND NATURE.

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas,
Oldest of mourners, with pathetic tone,
Have each a natural music, all their own,
Set in accord with human destinies,
Sad, tender, manifold. What is more sweet
Than woodland melodies at noon? More mild
Than dimpled ocean, like a laughing child
That lisps and rolls a jewel to our feet,
Breathlessly calm? And then, within an hour,
Behold that selfsame ocean on the shore
Lashes; the forest quakes; with deafening power
The rocks are rent. Then, oh! amid that roar,
Awestruck we sink, we fall upon our knees,
Ye mountains, and ye forests, and ye seas!

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas
Have each their music, with our mortal lot
In sympathy, to soothe, exalt, appease.
And man, too, has his music, has a note
Of worldwide sweetness, tender reveries,
Dirges of buried blisses unforgot,
Rejoicing pæans, glorious symphonies.
But all of them lack something—they have not
The voice once heard in Eden. And the ear,
Pleased with rich sound, is as when some one sings
In a great court before a king of kings.
He closes, and of rapture born a cheer
Shakes the high roof, but when the Lord of all
Speaks there is awe and silence in the hall.
—A. G. B. in Spectator.

HEAVENS OF THE HINDOOS.

The Four Degrees of Bliss to Which the Departed Spirits Pass.

The Jews believe in a plurality of heavens, and so do the Hindoos, the former reckoning seven, the latter but four. These four special abodes of the righteous after death each has its name. The first is called Sara-loga, "God's world;" the second, Sameeba, "Near to God;" the third, Sarobam, "God's image," and the fourth, Sayutcheyam, which signifies "to be absorbed in him."

To Sara-loga, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all of those who have ever made a pilgrimage to a holy place or who have paid for the temple lights for one month. In Sara-loga there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The inmate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia and hear the houris sing.

To Sameeba go the spirits of all Keerikarar, or workers in the Brahman cause; also those who forego the comforts of this life, such as sleeping in a recumbent position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To Sorobam, the third heaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yogis. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nauseous food and live in a constant state of abstraction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, Sayutcheyam, is the coming abode of the "nyane," or philosophers. These nyane pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick, no one knows it but themselves. They are the stoics of the world of today and believe that in Sayutcheyam they will eventually be absorbed in the Deity.—St. Louis Republic.

Golf.

"To be a good golfer," says a feminine authority, "you must commence early in life, and it is noticeable that most people leave off very late. I have seen a very pretty matron, the mother of ten, keep her hungry fold waiting for dinner while she played out her foursome." Another muscular mother, who, in accompanying her husband to India, was therefore obliged to leave her small boys and girls in England, found great comfort at the time of her parting from them in the news that there were splendid golf links at the military station in India to which her husband and she were going. English women, however, are not, as a rule, so hopelessly daft over the game as the great majority of Englishmen. Like love, this game worketh like madness in men's brains. A non-golfing bride to be, whose groom to be dreams, talks and labors only upon the links, threatens to add to the marriage service, "I take this man for better or worse, but not for golf."—New York Sun.

Beautiful Garnets.

The garnet family contains many stones used in jewelry. None has great value unless it be the emerald green variety known as uwarowite and those soft brown green ones which come from Brobrowska. Cinnamon stone (essonite) from Ceylon is a deep golden garnet, unfortunately nearly always "bubbly," and the almandine is a beautiful kind of flame red, with a touch of violet. So called "cape rubies" are nothing but bright garnets, and it is but too certain that a confiding public often buys them for real rubies. The carbuncle, once so fashionable, is only a garnet cut en cabochon, often hollowed at the back to let in a light foil. Some garnets cut in this form show a delicate silver cross with four rays. The stone is occasionally found of immense size, large enough to fashion boxes and cups.—Philadelphia Times.

A Comparison.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his father, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!" "Sir," said his son in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Argument.

Newsboy—Paper, sir?

Solemn Looking Citizen—My dear boy, I would like to oblige you, but I can't read.

Newsboy—Yes, sir. Want a shine? Dem feet's wuth spendin a nickel on if the head ain't.—Chicago Tribune.

Solitary confinement is calculated, doctors state, to produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason. Nine months of absolutely solitary confinement are almost certain to result in the mental ruin of the convict.

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